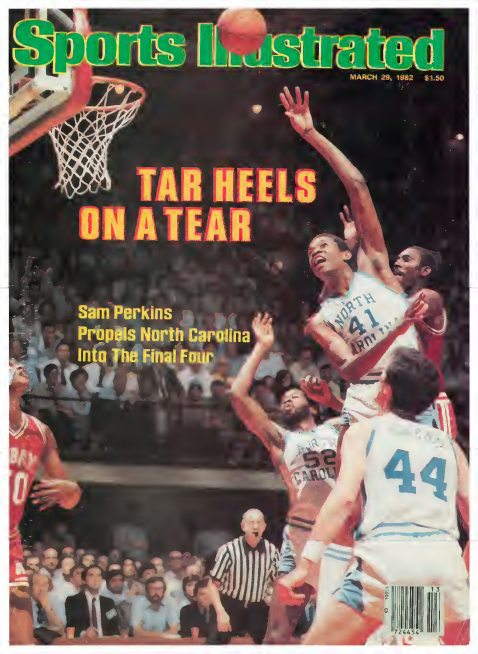


Sports Illustrated



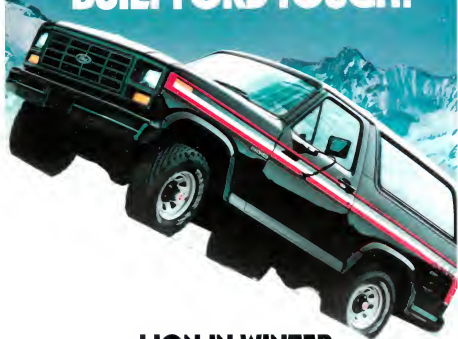
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Sports Illustrated
Speakers Bureau

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



MONDAY AT 7 A.M.: TAX RETIRES TO HIS OFFICE COUCH

When Jeremiah Tax retired as our Executive Editor last year, he took a month off and then came back to work. Now he's listed on our masthead as a Special Contributor, which is, really, what we feel he's always been.

One of his most recent contributions was the notion of doing a story on the triple-overtime North Carolina Kansas NCAA basketball championship game, which took place 25 years ago this week/page 58). He covered that game for us when he was a staff writer and when college basketball was, at best, a regional game. "I always wanted to do a retrospective," says Tax. "I saved my notes and game stats. But I got lazy. So I asked Frank Deford if he'd like to write it." It's not at all surprising that Tax chose Deford to do the story. When Tax became our basketball editor in the early '60s, he picked the young Deford, a one-year veteran of *SI*, to be his writer. "I've always admired Frank's original way of looking at things," says Tax, "and the amount of energy he brings to stories."

The admiration is mutual. When Deford became our basketball writer, he covered both the college and pro beats. In fact, he and Tax were our whole basketball department. "Jerry was a good editor," says Deford, "but we'd have our fights. It was my feeling at the time that not one word of my

copy should be changed. I still feel that way. The only difference is I'm absolutely right now, and I was occasionally wrong then."

Nonetheless, Jerry, a stern syntactician and grammarian, has the final word at *SI* these days. Although technically retired, he comes in and works for us one day a week, arriving at 10 a.m. Sunday and departing, a bit bleary-eyed, at 11 a.m. Monday. He is what we call the "final reader," a job that entails reading almost every word in the magazine, from the cover billing

through the 19th Hole, before it is printed. He rights grammatical wrongs, points out redundancies, helps fit copy—and generally saves us from making any number of gaffes.

Never one to be down on the job, Tax often lies down on the job from around 7 a.m., when he usually finishes reading copy, until 10 a.m., when the staff comes to work.

How does he manage to stay awake all night? "I eat a lot of candy," says Tax, "and smoke too many cigarettes." This is not to say he doesn't keep fit, a basic requirement for one who works such long hours. "Five mornings a week," he says, "I run two miles. No more, no less. I've been doing it for almost 18 years." One of the presents he got at his retirement party was a pair of the most expensive running shoes on the market. "They're worn out now," he hints.

Fortunately for us, Tax is not. Of his "new" career at *SI*, he says, "I spent 25 years of my life here and I'm proud of every minute of it. I'm so pleased to see my name on the masthead. I've always enjoyed working with words and writers. It's all I ever wanted to do."

Philip D. Hawbert



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Sports Illustrated

BOOKTALK

by JIM KAPLAN

ALCOHOL WAS BOB WELCH'S PROBLEM. THIS IS THE ACCOUNT OF HIS SOLUTION

Alcohol has a pervasive influence on baseball. Beer is one of the game's principal TV sponsors and a top-selling concession item. Players crack open cans after the final out, courtesy of the home team. The drinking may go on well into the night, especially if a team is on the road, where there's time to kill and glad-handers galore to buy rounds at the bar.

Until recently heavy drinking was part of baseball's macho tradition, not only tolerated but applauded. When Ralph Houk was manager of the Yankees 20 years ago, he used to say, "I'll take nine whiskey drinkers over nine milk-shake drinkers any day." If a guy was a boozier,

so what? He was young and strong, and he could sweat the alcohol out of his system. The only people who seemed to suffer were some ex-players. Petbelled men with veins showing in their faces, they were always dying in their 40s and 50s. A few years ago former major league Pitcher Ryne Duren showed me group shots of former teammates. "This guy drank himself to death," Duren said, pointing to one player. "This fellow died of an alcohol-related sickness. This one died an alcoholic, though the papers said it was heart trouble." Duren, a recovered alcoholic who now helps teams set up alcohol education and prevention programs, wrote an autobiography, *The Comeback*, in 1978 in which he argued that many players were quietly drinking themselves to death. That warning was little heeded by baseball management.

No longer. Recently three active players—Darrell Porter of the Cardinals, Darrell Jackson of the Twins and Bob Welch of the Dodgers—have been treated for alcohol abuse at The Meadows, a

drug clinic in Wittenberg, Ariz. In 1971 former Dodger Pitcher Don Newcombe, a recovered alcoholic, went to work for his old club as Director of Community Relations, and in 1978, started the first formal alcoholism program in baseball with the team's cooperation. He eventually persuaded Commissioner Bowie Kuhn to include the topic of drinking in baseball's drug education program.

A new autobiography, *Five O'Clock Comes Early* (William Morrow & Co. Inc., \$11.50), by Bob Welch and George Vecsey, a sports columnist for *The New York Times*, ought to be required reading in the program as a sort of primer on alcoholism. It points out that alcohol is a drug (the most-abused one), that only time (not coffee) will wash out its effects, that alcoholics cry out for help in the most subtle ways. *Five O'Clock* is straightforward, spare and, thankfully, un sentimental. And despite one obvious error—the authors inaccurately assume that active athletes are permitted to make beer commercials—the book ably docu-

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ments the pernicious side of the baseball-booze relationship.

Alcoholics drink to deny feelings they can't deal with, writes Welch, and ballplayers have stronger, scarier feelings than most people. Why? Because their lives are "too intense." They're viewed as "pieces of meat," not as individuals; injuries can shorten careers and failure can destroy self-esteem so quickly and at such a young age. As Welch says, "In baseball, when somebody is sent to the minors or released, ballplayers often use the term 'He died.'"

Welch's drinking problem was especially acute. He grew up in Detroit, "where they make the cars, but by night they make the bars," as the saying goes. A shy boy, he began drinking to relax around girls and to mask a growing fear of injury and death. By the time he reached the Dodgers in 1978, he was blacking out so often he couldn't even remember his drinking bouts. Welch's cocktail hour began much earlier than five o'clock. He would duck into the

clubhouse for beers during games and once arrived at the park drunk and insulted the Giants' Terry Whitfield, a player he barely knew. Under the influence, Welch's pitching declined rapidly, from a star rookie in 1978 to a little-used reliever in 1979. At that rate, Welch believes, he wouldn't have lasted long.

Fortunately, Newcombe was around. "There's a player on the team who drinks two fifths of Scotch a day," he told me during the 1979 season. Newcombe was shadowing Welch and gathering information, standard operating procedure among some rehabilitation workers. Alcoholics can't be cured by hints; they must be confronted. When the Dodgers buttonholed Welch after the 1979 season, the evidence was too overwhelming for him to deny. He agreed to enroll at The Meadows in February 1980.

The chapters on his 36-day stay there are revealing. Welch's therapists immediately went to work uncorking his feelings—the key to plugging his bottle. They brought in his girl friend, his family

and two teammates and urged them to confront Welch with ways he had hurt them while drunk. "What are you feeling?" Welch was asked over and over in group therapy. Finally, the dam broke. He shouted, he cried, he lived, he died. And at last he was "reborn"—a Meadows term for recovered.

Duren says, "Mental health has got to come of age in baseball." He's right. Ballplayers have traditionally treated everything around them as jokes: fans, women, writers, even the psychological problems of their peers. But there are signs that things are changing. In 1979 I wrote a story in which Doug DeCinces, then playing for Baltimore, disclosed that he had seen a psychiatrist. Months later I asked DeCinces if he had been ridiculed by opponents after the story appeared. Not only had he been spared, but, he told me, another player had asked him for an introduction to a therapist. And in Welch's case, although the fans have been rough at times, rival dugouts have been notably quiet. **END**

of the competition.

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EDITED BY ROBERT W. CRAMER

SAY IT AIN'T SO, ANNUNZIO

The Summer Olympics are at odds with the U.S. Government again. It's not a question of boycott this time but the stubborn stand of one U.S. Congressman. A plan to have the Treasury authorize commemorative coins for the 1984 Los Angeles Games is supported by President Reagan and Secretary of the Treasury Regan, and a bill to go ahead with the coins has been sponsored by, among others, Democratic Senator Alan Cranston of California and Republican Senator Jake Garn of Utah, along with more than 100 Congressmen. The bill passed the Senate handily, but when it got to the House of Representatives it was stopped dead in the Subcommittee on Consumer Affairs and Coinage by its chairman, a nine-term Democrat from Chicago named Frank Annunzio, who doesn't like the bill at all. He's sat on it, kept it from coming to the House floor and effectively stopped its passage. To Olympic people, including the two dozen athletes who dropped in on Washington last week to lobby for the bill, Frank Annunzio is looming as the Afghanistan of these Olympics.

Why? Well, to put it simply, the sale of commemorative coins has become vital to the finances of recent Olympics. The bill that passed the Senate called for a maximum of \$425 million worth of silver and gold coins to be issued, in values of \$1, \$10, \$50 and \$100 and with 25 different designs. The bill stipulated that the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee's cut from the sale was to be at least \$50 million, although estimates of how much the LAOOC would actually receive go as high as \$200 million (it would divide its take with the U.S. Olympic Committee), because the coins are usually sold for a price far above face value. A professional consortium (the same one that handled the sale of coins for the Moscow Olympics, plus the Franklin Mint) had agreed to give the LAOOC \$50 million as a guarantee against its share of sales as soon as it had the coins to sell. Now the consortium has been saying it would back out of the deal if approval for minting the coins isn't given by April 1. If that happens, insiders

say the Los Angeles Games could be in serious trouble. Time is running out, and the LAOOC, the USOC, the International Olympic Committee and the athletes are all beginning to panic.

Why is Annunzio stonewalling? For one thing, his office questions the optimistic sales projections, and, in a letter to fellow Congressmen, he raised the specter of "scandals" in connection with past commemorative coin sales (he didn't specify what scandals). He also told the House that the American Numismatic Association, a collectors' group, objects to the number and variety of coins to be issued.

The LAOOC refutes this, declaring that the sale of Moscow coins was extremely successful, that even the financially disastrous Montreal Games had coin sales of \$125 million and that coin sales were the second-largest source of income for the 1976 and 1980 Olympics. As for the numismatists' objections, critics of the A.N.A. call it an elitist group that disapproves of mass sales of commemorative coins.

In any case, Annunzio introduced his own bill in the House that reduced the number of coins from 29 to one. The LAOOC objected, but in time reluctantly agreed to 17 coins, warning that it wouldn't be economically feasible to issue fewer than that. Annunzio just as reluctantly came up to 10 coins but said that was as high as he could go. He said he wouldn't hold a hearing in his committee on the bill until the opposition agreed with his total. Annunzio had no further comment, but a subcommittee staffer says: "It's one of those matters that need some basic agreement before the legislative process can be started."

Well, no, it isn't. First, the legislative process is already under way—the Senate passed the bill—and is now being blocked. Then, too, Annunzio, his staffer admits, hasn't even polled his committee members to see how they feel. Considering the overwhelming support for the measure in the Senate, it can be assumed that opposition to Annunzio would be great, and that the bill's progress through the remainder of the legislative process would be assured.

Perhaps this is what worries Annunzio, and why he so stubbornly persists in his lonely stand. But hearings are part of the legislative process. One should be called as soon as possible, and the bill's fate properly and swiftly resolved.

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD

Who says modern athletes aren't hungry? A story out of Pembroke, N.C., told of a college baseball game that was actually called on account of hunger. The game between Pembroke State and North Carolina at Charlotte had started at 3 p.m., and at 6.25, with the score tied 8-8 at the end of nine innings, Pembroke Coach Harold Ellen pulled his team off the field, explaining to the disbelieving members of the visiting team that the



school cafeteria was about to close. "We don't have the money like them big schools have," Ellen said, "and I can't afford to send them to McDonald's."

Then there's the case of former Duke basketball star Kenny Dennard, who had been deemed too poor a rebounder for somebody standing 6'8" to make the NBA and who had been playing in Great Falls (Mont.) for the Montana Golden Nuggets of the Continental Basketball Association. Nevertheless, Dennard was signed Feb. 17 by the Kansas City Kings. In 16 games since then, playing part-

continued



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time, he has averaged almost five rebounds a game, a success story especially gratifying to his coach back in Great Falls, George Karl, and Karl's wife, Cathy, who had had Dennard over frequently for dinner, not to mention lunch and breakfast. "Kenny's just a big boy," says Cathy Karl. "He ate all the time."

In fact, Dennard's hearty appetite may be what influenced him to improve enough as a rebounder to make the NBA. In addition to grabbing meals at the Karls', Dennard took full advantage of a Great Falls restaurant that offered a free meal to the Nugget players who led the team in rebounds and assists in each game. The famished Dennard credits that offer for the fact that he was second on the team in assists and—surprise—led the team in rebounds. "That was my first motivation, and then I got to playing center and I had to box out seven-footers," he says. "I had never had to do that in my life, and I found I liked it." With Dennard in the NBA at last, Cathy Karl exults. "Now Kenny can afford to eat."

NEXT, A DOME FOR NOME?

Domes are popping up like mushrooms, and the biggest of all may sprout soon in our biggest state, assuming the Alaska legislature votes its approval of the project. The new dome is planned as an out-size covering for Alaska 1984, an exposition slated to open in Anchorage in two years to celebrate the northern giant's 25th anniversary as a state. Although it will be designed by the same people responsible for the Pontiac Silverdome, the Carrier Dome in Syracuse, N.Y. and the new Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome in Minneapolis (SI, Jan. 18), it won't be a stadium as such but rather a permanent, air-inflated membraned cover over 26 acres of Anchorage real estate, or an area roughly 2½ times that of the Silverdome. It will be 12 stories tall at its highest point, sloping down to 14 feet at its glass-enclosed circumference. The glass-outer walls and the transparent roof are to give Alaskans the feel of the outdoors all year round (temperatures won't drop below 45° F, no matter how cold it gets outside). After the exposition is over, most of Alaska Pacific University's campus will be under the dome. The University of Alaska at Anchorage will install some of its facilities there, too. There'll be lots of recreational space, including at least one football field.

"Alaska has the chance to be a real innovator," says Dr. David Geiger of Geiger Berger Associates, the dome designers. "This can open the door to great year-round recreational centers in the north. In the dead of winter you can play football or tennis in shirtsleeves with snowdrifts only 100 yards away."

VOICE OF THE BOWLER

Bowlers complain that they're the poor relations in sports, that nobody pays enough attention to them. Bob Handley, a member of the pro bowling tour, says, "People don't consider us athletes or regard bowling as a sport, but consider this. A bowler on the tour lifts a 16-pound ball, moves 12 to 15 feet with it and rolls it with accuracy at a target 60 feet away, and he does this 700 times a week, not counting practice sessions. That takes strength and endurance." Handley, a power bowler whose 18-mph fastball has led to him being called the Nolan Ryan of bowling, says, "I know bowling takes a lot more out of me than golf does. That's not a put-down of golf. It's just that pro bowling requires excellent physical conditioning."

THE CLASS OF '76

You haven't heard the word dynasty used very often in connection with baseball teams lately, and there's a good reason for that. In this era of free spending and free agency, it's difficult to keep championship teams intact. A case in point is the exodus of Catfish Hunter, Reggie Jackson, Rolfe Fingers, Joe Rudi, Sal Bando, et al. from the Oakland A's championship teams of 1972 through '74. Another case in point is the dispersal of members of the 1976 Cincinnati Reds, who routed the Yankees in that year's World Series. All eight of the non-pitching regulars on that team are still in the majors, but only two are with the Reds.

To figure out what broke up that old gang in Cincinnati (clue: It wasn't wedding bells), you need look no farther than a rundown of the current teams and approximate annual salaries of those eight key players: Johnny Bench, C (Reds) \$450,000; Tony Perez, 1B (Red Sox) \$400,000; Joe Morgan, 2B (Giants) \$300,000; Dave Concepcion, SS (Reds) \$800,000; Pete Rose, 3B (Phillies) \$1 million; George Foster, LF (Mets) \$2 million; Cesar Geronimo,

CF (Royals) \$150,000; and Ken Griffey, RF (Yankees) \$900,000.

Bench's salary is relatively low because the Reds showed foresight in signing him in 1977 to a long-term contract; he's currently entering the last year of the five-year deal. Perez and Morgan have a little less bargaining power than some of the others because, unlike the ageless Rose, they're considered, at 39 and 38, to be in the twilight of their careers. Geronimo's price is presumably commensurate with his current role as a long-inning defensive replacement. Foster and Griffey have recently departed for big bucks in the Big Apple. Concepcion is the only one to have been given big dollars to stay in Cincinnati, which says something about the value attached these days to topflight shortstops. And to think that the Reds might have kept all eight of these players for only \$6 million a year.

MUSICAL CHAIRS

Round and round we go. Three years ago the Philadelphia Flyers fired Bob McCammon as coach and replaced him with Pat Quinn. Last week the Flyers fired Pat Quinn and replaced him with Bob McCammon. Three months ago Buffalo Sabres General Manager and Coach Scotty Bowman bucked off as coach and had assistant coach Jim Roberts act in his place. "I never want to coach another game," Bowman said. Last week Scotty Bowman bucked in again and replaced Jim Roberts with—Scotty Bowman. Oh yes, Bowman also redesignated Roberts as assistant coach. Round and round.

THEY SAID IT

- Tommy Mafroy, trying out for the Fort Lauderdale Stinkers after having played for the Miami Toros, Cleveland Cobras, New York Eagles, Pittsburgh Spirit and Hartford Hellions. "I've had more clubs than Arnold Palmer."
- Lou Holtz, Arkansas football coach, asked if he had thought of leaving to coach at another school. "Not once, not since I came here, have I ever considered leaving. Suicide, yes. Leaving, no."
- Ron Shumate, Southeast Missouri State basketball coach, on his team's shooting accuracy. "It was so bad the players were giving each other high fives when they hit the rim."

A LOT OF US HAVE WILD IDEAS. HERE'S TO THOSE WHO GET THEIRS OFF THE GROUND.

For 105 years, attempts have been made to cross the Atlantic by balloon. All of them failed.

Until in 1978, on their second try, Maxie Anderson and his two partners ascended the world. They made it.

The following year, he and his son, Kris, (who holds the world hot air balloon distance record), piloted the first balloon to fly across the North American continent. Now, Maxie is preparing for the ultimate adventure: a 10-day 20,000 mile flight around the globe.

What the Andersons will try next is anyone's guess. But one thing is certain. Whenever these two daring, unpredictable balloonists get together, they do something very predictable. They pour themselves a glass of their favorite Scotch, Cutty Sark. And they start planning the newest mission impossible.

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Sports Illustrated

MARCH 28, 1982

Pat Ewing powered Georgetown, the Beast of the East, into the Final Four in New Orleans, joining Louisville, North Carolina and Houston

Get Ready For A Blast



Ewing was prepotent as the Hoyas crushed both Oregon State and Fresno State, scoring many of his 28 points the easy way.

One way to stop Georgetown did emerge from the Western Regional last week at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. A roadblock.

The Hoyas handled Fresno State 58-40 on Thursday and Oregon State 69-45 on Saturday as though they were pick-up teams on a D.C. playground. Including their 51-43 victory over Wyoming on March 13, their two-week blitzkrieg

in Utah gave them an average victory margin of 16.7 points. As Georgetown's small contingent of fans chanted before the win over Oregon State, "The Beast of the East is the Best of the West."

And perhaps the Best in America. In New Orleans the Hoyas will have the Final Four's best guard, the best bench, the best athletes and the best momentum, the lat- *continued*

ter reminiscent of Indiana's in 1981. Georgetown also has a style conducive to winning a national title. The Hoyas can run and gun to get a lead, as they did when they shot to a 24-9 advantage over Oregon State in the first 10 minutes, and they can turn on the air conditioner to protect it, as they did by going nearly eight minutes of the second half without attempting a field goal. They shot 63.6% against Fresno State and an all-time NCAA tournament record 74.4% against Oregon State. They made their first 10 shots of the second half against the Beavers. And their defense was just as good: Fresno State shot 41.0% and Oregon State finished at 38.5%. By comparison, the Beavers shot 54.0% from the floor in their 60-42 rout of Idaho in the semifinals.

So, what's to stop the Hoyas? Well, like Hannibal, they must travel great distances to get to war. During the first two rounds, played in Logan, Utah, Coach John Thompson housed his team at the Salt Lake City Hilton, 85 miles from the playing site. They remained there the following week and made the 90-mile round trip to Provo for practices and games. Georgetown's headquarters for the Final Four will put the team closer to Baton Rouge than to New Orleans. Therefore, to beat Georgetown on Saturday, all Louisville has to do is block the major routes into the city.

Hoya Paranoia is nothing new. With the Big East tournament moving to New York City next year, the coaches around the conference have already jokingly asked Thompson if he's planning to stay in Canada. No, but Delaware isn't out of the question. Thompson is quite sincere about separating his team from gamblers, reporters and other "possible influences," though the most insidious influence in Provo seemed to be Osmondism.

Thompson is a man of contradictions, and you can pack a lot of them into a 6' 10", 300-pound package. Most of the press is putty in his massive hands, yet he's defensive about almost every inquiry. The ACC came up tangentially in one question put to him, and Thompson said, "First of all, I don't mention the name of that conference." Thompson won't reveal to reporters the major of any of his players—"Let them come to graduation and find out" was his comment on that subject—yet the same Thompson posed his players in mortarboards for the

Georgetown press guide. He says he's only protecting freshman Pat Ewing when he limits Ewing's access to the press. But Thompson scorns reporters who express surprise that Ewing has become reasonably responsive in interviews. The evidence is that Thompson is somewhat proud of his no-nonsense reputation—"I've been called everything down to Idi Amin." He also has a penchant for contradictions: "Is it my responsibility to be fair? I might be wrong, but I can't afford to be right." Huh?

Still, Thompson is a hurricane of fresh air in the game. His players believe in him the way North Carolina's believe in Dean Smith. The Hoyas are as close-knit as any Final Four team. When little-used Guard Kurt Kaul, one of only two whites on the roster, scored a meaningless last-second field goal against Oregon State, teammates Gene Smith and Ron Blaylock, both black, ran out to embrace him. And to cut down the final strands from the net, the starters called over injured freshman Ralph Dalton and senior Manager Scott Wolf.

Finally, and perhaps most important, the Hoyas are an unselfish team. What else could they be with Thompson's demanding discipline? Everybody plays team offense and team defense, particularly Ewing.

The leader on offense is senior Guard Eric (Sleepy) Floyd, who scored 38 points at Provo and was voted the tournament's outstanding player. Two years ago in Georgetown's 81-80 loss to Iowa in the Eastern Regional final, Floyd made 11 of 14 shots from the field, he was nine of 12 against the Beavers on Saturday for a .769 percentage in regional championships. A guard can't make quicker, more graceful moves to the basket than the ones Floyd showed to close the first half on Saturday, and his outside range would make him a three-point terror in the pros. Only once could Oregon State's best defensive player, All-American Lester (the Molester) Conner, strip Floyd and go down to score.

No matter what the circumstance on the court, Floyd wears a blank expression. No matter what the circumstance on the court, Ewing wears a scowl. Though Ewing's learned to control his

flying elbows, he still gripes far too often about alleged mistreatment from the opposition and officials. Without Thompson's firm hand, who knows what mayhem might have resulted from Ewing's temper this season? But he's now dominating at both ends. Against Fresno State



Jones got 19 points coming off the bench to lead Louisville past UAB in the Midwest.

he scored 12 of Georgetown's first 15 points in the second half to give Georgetown an eight-point lead in what had been a close game. He went to work earlier against Oregon State, dunking off his own steal for the first field goal of the game, then dunking off Freddy Brown's

alley-oop pass for the Hoyas' second.

The supporting cast is strong. Sophomore Brown and senior Eric Smith are those rarest of players, 6' 5" athletes who can play both point guard and strong forward. If either becomes erratic at the point, sophomore Gene Smith will calm things down for a minute. Freshmen Anthony Jones and Billy Martin would be starting on most other teams; they're effective coming off the bench to spell senior Mike Hancock at forward. And 26-

year-old Ed Spriggs, slow, stoic, steady and strong, is the perfect spot replacement for the young, exuberant Ewing.

Perhaps Louisville has the roadblocks to stop Georgetown. Perhaps Ewing will meet his match in North Carolina's Sam Perkins and James Worthy, if the two teams meet as expected in the final. But to really contain this Beast of the East, the roadblocks should be placed on Interstate 10, between Baton Rouge and New Orleans. —JACK McCALEM



Bye-Bye, Beauregard T.

On the evening, Louisville arrived in Birmingham for the Midwest Regional, senior Poncho Wright led an expedition to the UAB campus, which is just across the street from the hotel where the Cards were quartered. Wright is the effervescent fellow who coined a slogan for Louisville's surprising run to the NCAA title two years ago—"The 'Ville [as in Louisville] is going to The 'Nap [as in India-nap-olis]." It played so well that this season Wright had to deal with the pressure not only of helping the Cards work out of a horrendous midseason slump but also of coining a slogan for the team's subsequent drive to the Superdome.

Perhaps to escape the pressure, or maybe just in search of inspiration, Wright decided to investigate this curious phenomenon known as UAB. On the maps of the college basketball world, the University of Alabama in Birmingham was *terra incognita* until five years ago, when Gene Bartow left another alphabet-soup school—UCLA—to build a program from scratch. While walking around the campus, Wright and his pals discovered a bunch of restless natives taking part in that old American ritual known as the pep rally.

"I just sort of got behind a big tree and peeked around," Wright said later. "We had on our warmups and stuff. When they lit the bonfire, I decided it was time for us to get out of there." As it happened, both teams reached the finals on Saturday, but it was the Blazers who got burned as Wright & Co. wrought a 75-68 victory.

Of the four teams that gathered last week in steamy Birmingham, UAB and

Louisville were the off-the-rack contenders, while the other Midwest competitors, Virginia and Minnesota, represented the Brooks Brothers of the college game—the ACC and the Big Ten.

Louisville's credentials, however, did include the 1980 NCAA championship and a sizable contingent of fans who like to paint their faces and use body language to spell out C-A-R-D-S. The Blazers, on the other hand, were so new to the game that they had as little backing as tradition. En route to winning the conference, Bartow's team of transfers, hand-me-downs and castoffs drew an average of slightly more than 7,000 in the 17,000-seat Birmingham Coliseum across town from the campus—even though the team is built around a core of local products led by Oliver Robinson. That splendid, 6' 4" guard became the school's first high school recruit because "I knew I could make the starting lineup—there wasn't anybody there."

In UAB's 68-66 semifinal win over Virginia, Ralph Sampson had 19 points, but he wasn't there when it counted either. The top-seeded 30-4 Cavaliers lost track of their meal ticket in the final 10 minutes of the game and couldn't get him the ball.

Louisville had eliminated Minnesota 67-61, thanks to a superb offensive game by sophomore Guard Lancaster Gordon (23 points, 10 of 14 field goal shooting) and an excellent defensive job on 7' 3" Randy Brewer. Although the Gopher giant scored 22 points, Louisville put the clamps on in the second half by double-teaming him with 6' 8" sophomore Charles Jones and 6' 7" junior Rodney McCray.

continued

In the Saturday final, UAB figured to give the Cards plenty of trouble before 16,754 spectators, obviously including a good many newfound fans, but it was also the opponent of Louisville's dreams. The Blazers didn't have a dominating big man and were likely to play the Cards straight up, without holding the ball to kill the clock and neutralize Louisville's strengths—depth, quickness, a full-court zone press and a devastating fast break.

In retrospect, considering the number and ability of Louisville's athletes, it seems remarkable that in early February the Cards were only 12-8. But since the graduation of Darrell Griffith to the Utah Jazz after the championship season, the Cards have had trouble defining and understanding their roles and relationships; everyone wanted to take Grif-

fith's place, but no one could. Understanding that, Crum decided to exploit his surfeit of talent by developing and utilizing a deep bench—even if it caused a few bruised egos and some losses.

When a four-game losing streak—the longest since 1965—left the Cards 11-7, Crum put Jones on the bench, moved Rodney McCray into the pivot and installed 6'8", 220-pound senior Wiley Brown at forward. Once the roles were defined, the next step was to determine a star—the player who wanted, and who got, the ball when the team needed a hoop. It never happened. Instead, the Cardinals began to go with the flow, working hard to get the ball to whoever had the hot hand. The absence of a dictator—a Sampson, say, or a Terry Cummings of DePaul—was overcome by a

sort of democracy, with a new election held every game.

The UAB-Louisville contest was a splendid example of basketball as it is meant to be played, not as it has been abused in this season of stall-ball. As Eaves said, "I give UAB credit for playing basketball. Not many teams do these days."

Having faced the likes of DePaul, Missouri, Memphis State and Oregon State on the road, the Cards weren't about to be intimidated by the UAB crowd or its mascot, Bearegard T. Rooster. Nor, for that matter, were they going to be cowed by the UAB players when, trailing by eight points at halftime, they came out looking to beat Louisville at its own physical game.

In the first couple of minutes of the second half UAB sent Derek Smith and Brown out of the game with, respectively, an elbow to the jaw and a shot to the groin. No matter. Crum's bench is so strong—his subs hit 11 of 14 from the floor—that Louisville only gets better when the likes of Wright, Jones and Scooter McCray come in. And with 7:23 left, it was a sub who made the play of the game.

With UAB ahead 54-52 and visions of New Orleans dancing in Bearegard T. Rooster's head, Jones got the ball low spinning, he was confronted by Donale Speer, a 6'8", 225 pounder with mayhem in his heart. Speer didn't just foul Jones, he hammered him. Amazingly, Jones put the ball off the glass and through the hoop.

"When I received the pass, I knew he was coming," Jones said after the game. "I took the ball up as hard as I could and waited for him to foul me before I released it. He hit me hard, real hard. His elbow hit me in the eye, so I lost contact with the basket. I just tried to put it off the glass."

Although Jones missed the ensuing free throw, Louisville took the lead when freshman Milt Wagner stripped Robinson and fed Rodney McCray for a roaring two-hand smash. Then, after a forced shot by Robinson, Gordon fed inside to Jones for another stuff. Leading 58-54, the Cards never trailed again.

As gutsy as Jones's performance



Worthy blocked Villanova's East Regional bid and was named the tournament's MVP.

was—his 19 points included 13 free throws, most of which came in the closing moments—it was Smith who was Louisville's heart and soul. He came into the final with six stitches in his upper lip, the result of a collision in the Minnesota game. A sore jaw was a souvenir of Robinson's elbow early in the second half. He also took a shot to the throat that almost cost him his voice.

"I don't want to get hit in the mouth this many times ever again," Smith said, his voice creaking. "My face hurts and my lips are sore. I've got a knot on my chin and I don't know what's wrong with my jaw." Nevertheless, he still was able to work his hattered face into a grin big enough to light up the Superdome as he dribbled away the closing seconds of Louisville's victory.

Wright, meanwhile, was still working on the slogan. As he said after helping cut down the net, "I haven't had any time for a rhyme." —WILLIAM F. REED



Jordan, rolling past the Tide's Eric Richardson, scored 11 points in the 74-69 win.

No.1 Tries Again For No.1

It is a simple exchange of positions—one man posting up inside, the other vacating the area to clear out the raffish, a maneuver contrived long before Denn Smith became the resident genius at Chapel Hill. But in the North Carolina design the strategy inspires terror simply because of the two gifted players who work it. Before thundering into Raleigh's Reynolds Coliseum on Sunday, the Tar Heels had won 29 games. In the East Regional finale they won No. 30 by defeating Villanova 70-60 and thus became the first team since UCLA in 1976 to advance to the Final Four of the NCAA tournament two years in a row.

Working in tandem, James Worthy and Sam Perkins doubted their pleasure and doubled their fun, but they weren't the whole story. In fact, Carolina Point Guard Jimmy Black may have been just as valuable with his 11 points, 10 assists and the way he shut down the wild excursions of his Villanova counterpart, Stewart Granger (2-for-8 shooting and passes that barely stayed in the building). But just the presence of Perkins and Worthy, the regional MVP, seemed to turn the game to Carolina.

Consider Villanova Coach Rottlie (as

in Raleigh) Massimino and poor John (the Bear) Pinone. Rottlie was coaching like the dickens and the Bear was playing his considerable heart out in the suffocating heat of the Coliseum, and the Wildcats, relying on their multiple zones, were behind only 41-36 with a little more than 10 minutes to play. But then Carolina came out in its spread-court de-lay game, and now Villanova couldn't get the rest it desperately needed. The 'Cats and the Bear had to chase. At 9:08, Worthy spun around Pinone for a huckster. At 7:37, Perkins jump-hooked over Pinone for another.

In between these plays the exhausted Pinone and his cohort inside, Ed Pinckney, were drawn outside, so the Tar Heels' Matt Doherty cut back-door for the corner for a three-point play. "They're so well trained," said Pinone. "Not only great players but smart players. That makes it all the more difficult to guard them."

If that sequence wasn't enough to discourage flustering Villanova, the Tar Heels at one stretch made 10 field goals without a miss. Pinone and Pinckney never gave up—their points-rebounds figures exceeded those of Worthy and

Perkins 32 and 16 to 27 and 12—but Massimino recognized superiority.

"A wonderful team, a clean team, maybe the best team," he said of North Carolina.

Black was asked what the green button he was wearing on his uniform trunk said. "New Orleans. Welcome to the Final Four," he said. "I'm really happy about this. I've never been twice in a row."

Villanova was hoping to gain a little prestige by going once in a row. Their 23 pre-Raleigh victories and regular-season Big East championship had gone virtually unnoticed, mainly because of three straight losses to Georgetown.

Before Villanova's 70-66 overtime defeat of Memphis State, Massimino pumped up Pinckney, his 6'9½" freshman forward, vis-à-vis Keith Lee, the Tigers' 6'10" freshman forward. "All we heard was Lee, Lee, Lee," Massimino said. "I told Eddie the only difference between him and Keith is that Keith's better. That got him." What Pinckney got next were 16 points, 10 rebounds and six blocks, most of the latter after Lee had gone to the bench with four fouls.

In truth, the Wildcats' aggressive mix-master zones and traps—Forward Aaron Howard at the controls—prevented Lee from creating scoring opportunities, and Villanova seemed in command even as

continued

Memphis State stayed close during the 12:04 Lee sat in the second half. When Lee, whose curly, processed hair recalls Jimi Hendrix in full cry, had concluded his riff (14 points, four rebounds) and fouled out at 4:58 and the 'Cats ahead 58-57, it was Villanova's game.

The Cougars had a crush on Shrigley.



Regulation ended at 62-all as Memphis State's Otis Jackson threw up a 30-foot rainbow that Villanova's Granger didn't even bother defending. The rainbow rimmed out of the pot.

With the score 66-66 and 26 seconds remaining in overtime, Pinone was fouled while rebounding. He converted the clutch one-and-one for the last of his game-high 19 points and a lead Villanova never relinquished.

Foul calls also had much to do with Carolina's hard-earned 74-69 defeat of Alabama in its semi. Tide fouls were nearly double (27-14) those of the home, read near-home, team. "Just part of the game," Smith said. The Tar Heel coach had warned his players about "Bama's rebounding prowess, so in the first half Carolina muscled to a 17-8 board edge on the way to a 31-26 lead. Alabama's Eddie Phillips scored 12 points off Worthy but he didn't bring down a single rebound before intermission. Worthy combined with Perkins for 31 points and 13 rebounds. "They were bumpy inside," said Worthy. "Not physical. Just bumpy."

Speaking of shutouts, Black nearly wove a defensive beauty of his own in the second half, holding "Bama's freshman point guard leader, Ennis Whatley, to 1-for-7 shooting. By the time the Tar Heels had forged a 63-55 lead off Smith's inevitable spread delay with 5:30 remaining in the game, the "Bama front line was all but depleted. Both Phillips

and Philip Lockett had fouled out, and Bobby Lee Hurt soon joined the exodus. Worthy used the occasion to frolic—between-the-legs dribbles, overhead passing assists—in the lane, on the wing or anywhere else in Raleigh he wanted to go. "We couldn't keep the ball off him," said Tide Coach Wimp Sanderson, who could only cringe as Carolina swished 26 of 31 free throws.

On the way to the press room Smith greeted Sanderson cordially, "Hey, if Phillips doesn't foul out, . . ."

"I didn't alibi about it, Dean," Sanderson said. "You guys were great."

Especially in the second half. In fact, in its two second halves in Raleigh, Carolina made 24 of 35 shots (68.6%) and generally played with both flair and brilliant efficiency—precisely the way the consensus No. 1 team, both at the beginning and end of the season, should be playing.

Even Smith, now 7 for 7 in regional finals but 0 for 6 in pursuit of the NCAA title, was relaxed, albeit loath to talk about New Orleans. "This is this team's first regional championship, this team's first trip to the finals," he said. "It's a real accomplishment just to get this far. Sometimes I wonder. My friend Jack Hartman [the Kansas State coach] has been in the final eight five times and nobody writes about it. I'm happy just to reach the Final Four. I'd settle for this every year." But this year he may not have to.

—CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Cinderella Over Cinderella

Last Friday night, after the opening games at the NCAA Midwest Regional in St. Louis, Houston Coach Guy Lewis flopped down wearily in a chair at the Checkerdome and said, "Want to venture a guess on the odds two weeks ago of Houston and Boston College being in the finals of this tournament? Astronomical."

Indeed, it seemed plenty odd that bracket creep would match the Cougs, who were second in the Southwest Conference and who lost five of six games in midseason, against the Eagles, who had started the year by going 5-6, with five straight losses, and finished fourth in the Big East. Long gone were brickbat biggies like Arkansas, DePaul and Tulsa.

Gone, too, were the local Big Eight favorites, Missouri and Kansas State, which had been eliminated by Houston and BC. Ticket scalpers had figured on a Missouri-Kansas State finale, with a resulting avalanche of local adulation. At worst, they knew that at least one of the two would make it. But when BC whipped big but slow K-State 69-65 in the opener and Houston downed the region's top remaining seed, Missouri, 79-78, not only was the Big Eight in mourning but so were the scalpers.

Yet, in fairness, both Houston and BC had found ways to recover from serious difficulties experienced earlier this year and had come on to be as tough as anyone else in the late going—especially

lightly regarded BC, which is the last team to have beaten Georgetown, back on Feb. 17.

Houston began the year in grand fashion, winning 12 of 13, but then the Cougs lost their snarl. Finally, after a three-point loss to TCU, the players held a 2 a.m. meeting in a Fort Worth hotel room—no coaches admitted—to discuss what was wrong. One conclusion was that Rob Williams was shooting too much and playing lousy defense. Even though he has led the team in assists for three years, Williams took it in good spirit, and Houston came back with new dedication.

Through it all, Lewis has had to endure the familiar jab that his team is undisciplined and plays in the hully-gully fashion of Houston playgrounds, whence nearly all the Cougars come. In fact, four of the starters hail from within five miles of the campus.

At Boston College, Coach Tom Davis was trying to make do, as usual, with players that nobody else wanted. It took only a few games to find out why. Truth is, BC has only one player who would start on any other major team: junior Guard John Bagley, who looks like a bowling ball with arms but does wondrous things on the court, including averaging 21.1 points a game. His one other scholarship offer was from Central Connecticut State.

Fittingly, the first man to the rescue of the floundering Eagles this season was Guard Michael Adams, a freshman whom nobody had recruited. Assistant Coach Kevin Mackey discovered him not long after BC had failed to keep Pat Ewing, who hails from Cambridge, Mass., at home. "Alums asked me who I got to replace Ewing," says Mackey, "and when I told them a 5' 10" guard from the Bellevue Square housing project in Hartford, Conn., who was thought to be too small and too wild, they didn't understand." Nobody understood until a Feb. 6 game against Connecticut. Adams abruptly started passing brilliantly, shooting better and easing the pressure on Bagley. And suddenly, stopping BC was more than stopping Bagley. "I'm quick, accurate and good—for a freshman," says Adams.

But what about some badly needed height? Enter junior John Garriss, a 6' 8" forward who transferred from Michigan in 1980. Davis saw in Garriss "great talent but no passion." And poor defense.

After many games in which Garriss played little or not at all, he started clicking in February against Providence. His play was crucial in the stretch, and last Friday night against Kansas State, Garriss scored 18 points, collected seven rebounds, played creditable defense—and did it all with passion—in his finest performance ever.

On Sunday, however, the Eagles landed. Big, strong, fast and confident, Houston was clearly better than gutsy, scrappy but underclubbed BC. Better by 99-92, Houston played a marvelously disciplined game, patiently bringing the ball up against the much lauded BC press. The Eagles did reduce the deficit to four points with 1:34 left, which gave Houston the chance to knock down the notion it didn't have a bench.

So meet the star of the game, freshman Guard Reid Gettys, who admitted to a feeling of "sheer panic" when he was summoned to action by Lewis with 8:11 to go. That was the proper feeling for him to have, because he had averaged only seven minutes of playing time per game this year—that is, seven minutes in the 18 games in which he played.

All Gettys did was drill 10 straight free throws—three bounces, a deep breath, and bingo! When Houston had a four-point edge with 1:06 left and everyone had sweaty hands, Gettys hit his seventh and eighth in a row, and 25 seconds later, bounce, bounce, bounce, two more. During the entire season he had taken 10 free throws and made eight. His scoring average was 1.8. "I knew my job," said Gettys. "Go out there and keep my poise and not play like a freshman. Heck, I've been shooting free throws since I was six. Anybody off the bench could have done the same thing. Anybody can shoot a free throw."

But what was he doing in the game in the first place? Said Lewis, "We needed a good foul shooter in there."

Gettys' billion-dollar performance stole the spotlight from more renowned Cougs. Junior Center Larry Micheaux scored 14 points in the first half ("I think I'm as good as some pros," he says accurately, if immodestly), and Williams took over in the second half, scoring 19.

If, as Gettys says, anyone can shoot free throws, it would have warmed BC hearts to see Rich Shrigley make a one-and-one with 1:18 to play. If he had, the Eagles would have been only two behind, but they blew other chances as



Gettys was a perfect 10 at the foul line.

well. Bagley's 26 points weren't enough.

So the Eagles flew home, leaving Davis to think about what might have been in his house on Commonwealth Avenue—situated at the crest of the most famous spot in the Boston Marathon, Heartbreak Hill. —DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Last One In Is A Winner

Jerry Pate sewed up the TPC, heaved both the commissioner and the architect into the drink and then plunged in himself **by DAN JENKINS**

If Pete Dye is the Leonardo of golf course architects, Jerry Pate is surely the Esther Williams of touring pros, and the two of them pooled their talents last week to elevate the Tournament Players Championship into one of golf's major events. Call it the game's fifth major if you like, or tell the PGA tournament to get lost in the land of teaching professionals, but the fact is, the player with the best swing and the most potential in the game today, Jerome K. Pate, went out and Ben Hoganed the daylight out of the most demanding new layout in the world today, winning the TPC against the toughest field you could have assembled today. And if all this doesn't make the TPC a major championship, then Jerry Pate, Tour Commissioner Deane Beman and Dye can't swim a stroke.

You knew Pate was going to do it. He had said he was going to do it. And he did it. He brought Dye's Tournament Players Club course to its knees the way Hogan once brought the Oakland Hills "monster" to its knees. And when he had done that, he flung Beman and Dye into the lake beside the 18th hole before diving in himself. Pate was more famous for a similar dive he made after winning the Memphis Classic a year ago than he was for winning the U.S. Open as a rookie in 1976 or the U.S. Amateur in 1974. And lately he had become better known on TV for using an orange golf ball than for his marvelously fluid swing and his quietly perfect grip, or even, sometimes, for his mouth.

Pate went out there on Sunday afternoon to beat Dye on a golf course that was driving nearly everyone batty, a "theater" course with wusse and sand and water and humps and hills everywhere, a course with no "bird-out" room, a course with 18 unrelenting problems. Just beat Pete, he said to himself.

Pate fired a final round 67, five under

par, for a 72-hole total of 280, eight under, and defeated a couple of indomitable lurkers, Brad (Dr. Durt) Bryant and Scott Simpson, by two shots—his two closing birdies on holes that will become known as Fantasy Island (the 17th) and Beman's Lagoon (the 18th). It was Pate's cut eight-iron to the scary par-3 17th, and then the slick downhill 15-foot putt, followed by his blistering drive and his delicate five-iron to within two feet of the flagstick on the last hole that finally gave credibility to the tournament and proved that the course will reward brilliant shots.

In brief, a great ball-striker won on a golf course with the severest targets an existence.

But Pate being Pate, it was predictable he would "tip off" and leave golfing history with memorable words, something to rank with Hogan's utterance after he won the '51 Open at Oakland Hills outside of Detroit. "I brought the monster to its knees," Ben said. As Pate came up the 18th fairway, marching along to the applause and cheers of 30,000 in Dye and Beman's "stadium," his five-iron shot lying two feet from the point on the pin, he flashed a grin, pointed toward the green and said, "I was just trying to beat Pete Dye today, and I believe I got him!"

The aquacade took place a few moments later. Pate said to the commissioner, "Come here, Deane, I want to show you something." He led Beman to the edge of the 18th green and hurled him into four feet of water. By then, Dye was removing his wallet and other valuables from his pockets. Pate thrust him in next, then dived in himself.

"Pete knew he was going in, I'd prom-

ised," said Pate later. "I don't know about Deane." Beman either knew or was hoping—for the show biz value of it. He had been observed handing his valuables to his wife, Judy, before Pate sank his putt.

Pate's mouth was running over, and he kept adding punch lines. "I threw Deane in because he wanted this course. I threw Pete in because he built it and I went in because I wanted to drown both of 'em," Pate cackled.

He was asked if the first-place check for \$90,000 got wet.

"Naw," he said. "I wanted to keep it



While brother-in-law Lintzke had to take a drop at 16, Pate birdied the last two holes, sinking a two-footer to wrap it up for him.

dry so I can give it to Pete to help pay for redoing some of the greens."

Berman had a feeling about Pate when, with nine holes to play, he noted from the scoreboard that Pate was only two strokes in back of the co-leaders at the time, Bruce Lietzke and Bryant. Berman told one of his assistants, Moose Wammock, to keep a watch on the two alligators who reside in the lake on 18.

Pate started the last round three strokes behind Lietzke and Bryant, but he knew how well he was playing and had long forgotten his careless fiftish in Sunday's third round. Pate was headed

for a 68 until he double-bogeyed the 18th by hooking a five-iron into the lake from almost the same spot where he would hit the same club to two feet from the pin on Sunday.

"I can win this thing if I can manage my game," Pate told anyone who cared to listen on Saturday evening. "You know me. If you hear me tell you a mosquito can pull a wagon, you better hitch it up, son."

What it eventually came down to on Sunday was a battle between brothers-in-law, for Pate and Lietzke are married, respectively, to Suzzi and Rose Nelson

from Pensacola, Fla., both fetching blondes. Pate thought he had lost the tournament when he failed to birdie the par-5 16th and now had to confront the dreaded 17th and 18th holes. Lietzke was in the group behind Pate, and Pate felt that his wife's sister's husband would surely birdie the 16th. At this point, they were tied at six under. Brad Bryant was yet to birdie the 16th, which was how he ultimately wound up at that figure, and

continued





Though Pate birdied it three times, the par-3 17th was Fantasy Island to many of the pros.

Scott Simpson had yet to finish birdieing the last three holes, a remarkable achievement though perhaps a little easier when you know you've already lost the tournament.

Alas, Lietzke pushed a two-iron second shot into the water on the right of the 16th green and suffered a bogey just as Pate played to the 17th. Pate had started owning Fantasy Island, perhaps the most terrifying par 3 ever conceived, on the first day of the championship. He birdied it in opening with a 70. He birdied it again the second day when he slid backward with a one-over 73. He had parred it on Saturday.

Those shots had all been with a nine-iron on a 132-yard hole where the green, except for the footpath leading to it, is completely surrounded by water, certainly the only hole in golf that has no "drop area." For all practical purposes, you're either on the green, in a minuscule bunker at the front edge of the island—or in the water. Double bogeys were commonplace on this most-talked-about and complained-about hole in Dye's entire design.

On Sunday, when he needed it the most, Pate struck a gorgeous eight-iron toward the flag, which was sitting back and right. Had it trickled forward another inch after it curved left-to-right into

the green, the ball would have rolled down to the cup, probably for a gimme. What Pate faced, however, was a straight-down putt of 15 feet, and all he had to do was get the ball started down the hill. When the putt dropped, Pate went to seven under, but with that par-4 18th up ahead, you couldn't call the contest over. From the tee on 18, you can easily drive the ball into the water on the

left or into the trees on the right, and Pate had already proved you could hit an approach into the pond.

But he wasn't about to do anything like that. He was playing too superbly, the statistics showing that he had hit more greens in regulation than anyone in the tournament. So it was awesome drive, awesome five-iron, watch for the alligators.

Pate was asked if he had minded coming down the stretch against his brother-in-law. "Hell, no," said Jerry. "I'd like to do it every week. That means we'll both make a good check. Those Nelson girls will have so much money, show dogs will be jumpin' over 'em."

Earlier in the week, there was genuine concern about the golf course and the event. The first-round lead was shared by three men who weren't Jack Nicklaus, Tom Watson and Johnny Miller. They were George Burns, Lyn Lott and Larry Nelson, all of whom shot 67. For those who like marquee names on their scoreboards, matters seemed to grow even worse after the second round, when the lead was held by six men. Hale Irwin was one of them, which made sense, but the others were Lott, Scott Simpson, Tim Simpson, Vance Heafner and Jay Haas. T. Simpson and Haas even had the gall to shoot course-record 66s. And all this was happening on a course where Nicklaus, Miller, Lee Trevino, Gary Player, Arnold Palmer and several other near immortals were missing the cut. Lietzke brightened

continued



Stadium golf provided thousands of spectators with bleacher seats at the 18th green.

The Spirit of America



Sundown on the Mississippi by Earl Dennis

Men with imagination as big as the Delta sky tamed the Mississippi. And at sunset, rivermen still wind down the day sipping America's native whiskey, Kentucky Bourbon. Old Grand-Dad still makes that Bourbon like we did in 1882. It's the spirit of America.

Old Grand-Dad

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey is a product of Grand Old Distilling Co., Franklin, KY 40001



High Fidelity for Humans:

IT EVEN FINDS STATIONS WHEN YOU



Finding your favorite station isn't always as easy as tuning to 123.

For example, now that digital station readouts are standard on most receivers you have to memorize the precise call numbers of all your favorite stations. Not an easy job if you have a dozen or so stations you tune in regularly.

That, however, is just one of the many unpleasant-ries you have to deal with if you own one of today's conventional receivers. On the other hand, it's just one of the many reasons you should own Pioneer's new SX-7 receiver.

The SX-7 is a product of Pioneer's unique new concept in component design and engineering called *High Fidelity for Humans*. The result is a line of com-

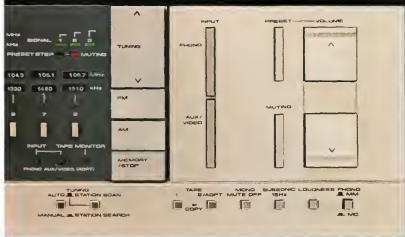
ponents that are as pleasant to live with as they are to listen to.

For instance, our receiver will commit to memory all your favorite stations. You can preset up to eight AM and eight FM stations. The moment you want to hear one you can recall it instantly.

Should you want to sample a variety of stations without any manual effort, simply press Station Scan. You'll hear five seconds of every strong station on the entire tuning band. If you discover a station you like you simply stop scanning.

Needless to say, not all stations have strong signal strengths. In the past you've had to struggle to tune in those stations with weak signals. The struggle's over. Due to the SX-7's ID Mosfet transistors you can

YOUR FAVORITE STATION YOU CAN'T.



tune in weak stations as quickly and clearly as you can strong stations.

Drift, of course, is another way in which distortion has been allowed to sneak in and prevail where there once was music. The only remedy has been to simply get up and readjust your station. But with the SX-7 you won't have to bother. Because our Quartz PLL Synthesized tuning is designed to make drift totally impossible.

While these technological achievements make our components easy to live with, others just plain make your music sound better.

Our patented Non-Switching Push-Pull circuitry is a prime example. It eliminates the distortion created by output transistors as they click on and off,

thousands of times a second, in response to music signals. The SX-7's Non-Switching circuits keep our transistors from ever completely switching off, so they don't have to click back on.

If it seems as though the SX-7 has many features you just don't find on other receivers, it's because it does. Which is why we invite you to visit your nearest Pioneer dealer. He'll show you the SX-7, and an entire line of new Pioneer receivers.

They're all designed to let you spend more time enjoying music and less time simply trying to find it.



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We bring it back alive.

There's only one way to play it...

Wherever the music
is hot, the taste is KOOL.
At any 'tar' level, there's
only one sensation
this refreshing.



Original



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Ultra Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Lights Kings, 0 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Dec. '81.

© 1982 B&W T Co.

things up a little on Saturday when he tied for the 54-hole lead, but he was deadlocked with Bryant, an utter unknown who bears the nickname Dr. Dirt partly because he wears his shorts a size too large and travels the town in a mobile home.

Pate and Dye and Berman deserve their lore, soggy as it is. Before the finish, the golf course was the star of the week, as everyone knew it would be. Dye's latest in golf-hole fashions are something to behold, even if a lot of the undulating greens, target areas, mounds, railings and yawning water hazards caused most of the pros to squeal in anguish. The Tournament Players Club and its course were unveiled to what can be called generally mixed reviews from the players themselves. They adored the facility and the overall look of Dye's brushstrokes, but they detested getting whipped by it.

A golf course is the only real enemy of the touring pro. It's the course rather than his fellow competitors that each week stands between him and earning a nice check or gaining a victory. Thus, the touring pro ideally likes a course on which he can slam a 4,000-yard drive between two rows of condominiums, and then stop a nuclear missile of an iron shot on a soft green, and finally tap in a birdie putt with a swizzle stick. On to the next tournament.

The Players Club at Sawgrass—or Ponte Vedra or Jacksonville Beach—demands a bit more. Last week it required, simultaneously, tremendous patience, imagination and deep thought. Touring pros don't like being made to think. It makes their heads hurt. So it was that they began to get back at the place by complaining about the unfairness of the layout, or by unleashing a barrage of jokes. Most of the players who were subdued by the course were either not playing too well when they arrived or hadn't prepared properly for the championship. Golf courses only get easier, as Dye his said, and it's a truth that the players will slowly learn to conquer the TPC's menaces as the years go by. And it is also true that during some TPC down the road the wind will howl, as it usually does this time of year but rarely did last week, and the course will play tougher than it did in the inaugural. Luck is a part of any golf tournament. The argument of the most vocal complainers about Dye's course was that it requires as much luck as skill



Scott Simpson, who had shared the lead, birdied 16, 17 and 18 and shared second.

the way it now stands. But of course they weren't eager to give very much thought to how the holes will mature; last week they cared only about how they were outmounded, outlugged and "bumper pooled" into submission.

It's difficult to say who won the Big TPC Laugh-Off, but there were several strong contenders.

Nicklaus said, "This course plays all around my game and never touches it. I've never been very good at stopping a five-iron on the hood of a car."

Fuzzy Zoeller came in after his first serious encounter with Dye's punishing greens and asked, "Where are the windmills and animals?"

John Mahaffey said, "There's no mystery here. All you have to do is hit a perfect drive, a perfect second shot and a perfect putt. What I'm still trying to find out is whether you win a free game if you make a putt on the last hole."

Watson complained that there was nothing but sheer, undiluted luck involved in trying to hit 15 out of the 18 greens. "Is it against the rules to carry a bulldozer in your bag?" he asked.

Because of all the trouble lurking on the course and the fact that, to accommodate spectators, there is an unusual amount of distance between one green and the next tee, the rounds took forever to play, averaging some five hours. This gave Ed Sneed the opportunity to suggest that "Pete Dye ought to be fined for slow play."

J.C. Sneed never lets anyone down with his comments on just about any golfing subject, and he may have paid the architect the highest compliment of all when he said, "This course is 90 percent horse manure and 10 percent luck."



Bryant—Dr. Dirt—hung in to tie Simpson.

Or did he mean it the other way around? It doesn't matter.

But the last words belonged to Pate, who spoke most of them with his golf swing, and that was the highest compliment Dye's course could have been paid. Pate had been told by a friend that he shouldn't jump in the water again until he won a major.

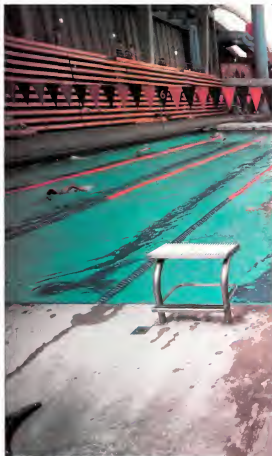
"This was major enough for me," he said.

END

During World War I, a German U-boat torpedoed and sank a Scandinavian freighter in the north Bering Strait, leaving Chief Engineer Reinhardt von Dohn and his mates in the icy water. Von Dohn, a 6' 7", 300-pound Dane who had once rescued the entire crew of an overturned schooner single-handedly, instructed two of his shipmates to grab hold of his back. They did. With the two men in tow, von Dohn then swam and swam—for eight hours, or so the story goes—until another ship picked them up. By then, one of the men on von Dohn's back had died. The rest of the crew had drowned.

"Quite a story, isn't it?" says Russ Beardsley, 54, von Dohn's 6' 1½", 252-pound grandson, in the living room of the Beardsley home in Harrington Park, N.J. He has recounted the exploit with pride—and with a point. "Yes, there must be something in the genes," says his wife, Jeanne, a tiny, bespectacled woman who was born in China. The room is decorated with swimming medals and plaques and trophies. "Yes, a gene," she says. "Craig must have inherited from the grandfather."

Craig is the Beardsleys' slightly chubby 21-year-old son, a senior at the University of Florida. He's also the best 200 butterfly swimmer in the world. Says Randy Hart, the information director of



A Little Water Music,

U.S. Swimming and an authority on just about every swimmer since von Dohn, "Beardsley is just awesome. Just awesome." Too true. Beardsley hasn't lost a 200 fly—in either meters or yards—since Mike Bruner, then the world-record holder, beat him at the April 1980 nationals. That's more than 40 consecutive wins in two years. "Craig has won races

The University of Florida's Craig Beardsley, who bows a mean cello, swims the 200 fly faster than anyone in the world **by CRAIG NEFF**

from behind, from in front, from any angle you can," says Florida Coach Randy Reese. "No matter where he is at the 100 mark in a 200 fly, he knows he can pull it out. His opponents know that, too."

Twice Beardsley has lowered the 200-meter world record, by a stunning total of 1.22 seconds. The mark now stands at 1:58.01. "Just think, 0.2 faster and I'd be the first person to break 1:59 and the first



Please

to break 1:58," Craig says with gee-whiz excitement. "Wouldn't that be great?" Beardsley, the only American at last January's U.S. Swimming International meet in Gainesville, Fla. to establish a world best (the equivalent, in a short pool, of a world record), is considered a cinch to extend his string of 200 fly victories at this weekend's NCAA champi-

onships in Brown Deer, Wis. "The streak gets me kind of nervy at times," says Beardsley, who, to tell the truth, seems fidgety at all times. "But somebody will beat me somewhere, sometime, and it won't be the end of the world."

Beardsley doesn't have his great-grandfather's size—he's only 5'11", 160—but he certainly has the von Dohn stamina. He can hold his stroke, swimming's most exhausting, over extraordinary distances. "Craig's best event would be a 10,000-meter fly—or farther," says

his father, a New York City audio dealer and his son's most avid fan. In a 6,000-yard workout, Craig will swim more than 2,000 yards of fly, and do most of it at or near race pace. Only women's world-record holder Mary T. Meagher, the remarkable 17-year-old butterflyer from Louisville, Ky., trains comparably.

"The hard work comes from a Chinese genetic," says Russ. "Give his mother an eight-hour job and she's looking for more work." Indeed, since escaping to America from Shanghai in 1948, only days before the Communists took over that city—"I was on the last boat out," she says, "a slow boat"—Jeanne Loh Beardsley has earned two college degrees, become an outstanding pianist and served as a head librarian at the Brooklyn Public Library. Like Craig and his sister Karen, a sophomore at the University of New Hampshire, she maintains a pace that falls between fast and frenetic. "Every one of those three is nervous and jerky," says Russ, a workaholic of more stolid men, who has built a thriving three-store audio business from scratch.

Craig's success, however, involves more than moil. "I swim flatter than most butterflyers," he explains. "Some people say you want body undulation. But I think you want your force to move you forward, not up and down. I try to kick back instead of up and down, and with my arms I try to push myself ahead, not lift myself up out of the water." Beardsley is pigeon-toed, and keeping his feet together and pointed inward enhances his kick. "Craig is also less muscled than your average butterflyer," says Reese, being polite. "That keeps him from tying up over long distances."

"I just have a gut," says Beardsley, whose teammates call him Buddha. "I've always had a gut. I think it floats me."

Beardsley also has an ingenuous candor that ranges from refreshing ("The one thing I can't stand is getting into a cold pool, especially in the morning," he

continued

says. "But it's a great cure for a hangover") to downright disarming ("One time this guy I know shaved everything before a meet—even his pubic hair. Boy, he was sorry. That stuff doesn't grow back real fast"). He'll talk your ear off, but without boast or pretension: He's still awe-struck, it seems, by the fact that he's the world's best anything.

Until he enrolled at Florida, Beardsley had never swum for a school team. His schools didn't have swimming teams. For eight years he attended New York's United Nations International School, where his only competitive activity was playing the cello. "I remember I took group lessons with these twin brothers," he says, "and I always wanted to beat them so bad. I had to be better." He must have succeeded because he became first cello in the school orchestra and was later asked to study at the Manhattan School of Music, an honor he passed up. Beardsley also learned to speak French and Chinese at the U.N. school, and studied calculus in the seventh grade. "It sailed right through my head," he says.

In this period Craig attended operas and concerts with his family. "We've always been musical," he says. "My mom plays piano, I play cello, Karen plays violin and Dad plays the radio." Russ Beardsley had no trouble obtaining Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall tickets because his audio stores—"the sort of places where you'll spend \$15,000 or \$20,000 on a visit," he says—have a clientele that has included Ira Gershwin, Zubin Mehta and half the New York



Beardsley and Brown got along just swimmingly.

Philharmonic. (Not to mention Rodney Dangerfield and, through an agreement with the Topps baseball card people, major-leaguers like Reggie Jackson.) In fact, Russ's business dealings with United Nations delegates are what helped get his two children into the U.N. school. It didn't hurt, either, that Jeanne's father was a prominent educator and government official in China.

Craig developed a cultural and intellectual eclecticism that is still evident. In his room at Gainesville are hundreds of jazz, rock and classical record albums, and, right next to scores by Vivaldi, Brahms and Saint-Saëns, surfing magazines and dozens of science-fiction novels. In one breath he'll talk about the Soviet black market in Western jeans and clothing and in the next describe a Japanese wet T-shirt contest.

The U.N. school had one drawback. It left the 10-year-old Beardsley with very few friends when his family moved from New York City to New Jersey and he and his sister commuted to school. "Craig was very, very introverted at that time," says his father. "We encouraged him to start swimming so that he'd mix with people his own age. As it turned out, swimming gave him a handle on life."

From the beginning Beardsley did well in the pool, winning the 8-to-10-year-old 50-yard butterfly event at the Bergen County age-group meet in his first year of competition. But his lungs would often fill with fluid during a workout and he would have difficulty breathing. "Craig was allergic to every tree in New Jersey," says his mother. Pools were scarce in the area and often as frigid as the Bering Strait, and the chlorine made Beardsley's jet-black hair turn frizzy and blond. Students at Old Tappan High, which he attended from 1974 to '78, accused him of using peroxide. "I knew white hair was genetically impossible," says Russ, turning to his wife. "I thought maybe someone had slipped into your household."

Russ was for some time the main force behind Craig's swimming. For several years he drove his son from a 5 a.m. swim workout at a pool in Ridgewood, N.J., to 8 a.m. classes at the U.N. school and then back to a 4 p.m. workout in New Jersey. "There were a few February mornings I could have lived without," the elder Beardsley says.

Only once did Russ play the pushy poolside parent, and that was when he made the 11-year-old Craig run 1½ miles every afternoon to supplement his swimming. "The neighborhood kids would ride alongside me on their bicycles yelling, 'Hurry, hurry,'" says Craig. "It was bizarre."

Swimming for the Dolphin Aquatic Club of Ridgewood, Beardsley attained a national age-group ranking in the 200 fly at 13, and by 1977, three years later, he was ninth in the U.S. and 13th in the world in the event. But then his performances leveled off. "He wasn't motivated to win, but only to keep from looking bad," says his father.

"I was down on swimming," says Craig. "I needed a totally fresh start." He got that start in the fall of 1978, when he joined Reese at Florida, passing up offers from Texas and Indiana. "I figured it would be a great change," Beardsley says. "Sun, beaches, surfing, red-necks, pickup trucks. . ."

During his freshman year Beardsley made what Reese calls his "big breakthrough," in a meet against Tennessee. "Craig had been sick for three days, and on the day of the meet he had a fever and was throwing up," says Reese. "But he



Craig kids around in the pool with Florida star Tracy Caulkins.

wanted a go anyway. He ended up swimming the fastest [200-yard fly] time in a dual meet in the country. It was 1:47.2, which was unheard-of for a dual meet." Beardsley went on to win the 200 fly at the 1979 Pan Am Games and, at the August 1980 Olympic Trials in Irvine, Calif., he broke Brauer's world record. "It's funny," Craig says. "That and my second world record [last summer in Kiev] were the two easiest swims of my life." The Olympic Trials victory was especially rewarding because it gave Beardsley a chance to tour the People's Republic of China with the U.S. national team. "Mom had heard about the trip and written to all her relatives over there," says Beardsley. "I'd have been in trouble if I hadn't made it."

Beardsley was a celebrity among literally hundreds of Chinese relatives, whom his mother hasn't seen since 1948. Unfortunately, the only butterfly races swum in the Chinese meets were 100s, and Beardsley finished second in every one to teammate William Paulus, now the world-record holder at that distance. "It was embarrassing," says Beardsley. "They'd get to me in the pre-race introductions and talk on and on, for about five minutes, with the crowd cheering. Then I'd lose." What mortified Jeanne Beardsley were the photographs of her son with his hair down to his shoulders. "My relatives, oooh, what did they think?" she groans. She should be grateful they didn't see Craig in Canton, when the U.S. team held its own *Gong Show*. While four of his male teammates in punk outfits stood behind him singing the Kinks' song *Lola* ("... girls will be boys and boys will be girls..."), Beardsley acted out the lyrics, wearing heavy makeup, a wraparound skirt, a tissue-stuffed bikini bra and his hair in braids. "We won the show," he says.

After that performance, the only person who still considers Craig introverted is his girl friend, Florida swimmer Rosie Brown. "We shared the same lane in practice for a year before he said a word to me," she says. Brown, a native of Brisbane, Australia, who swam freestyle events at the Moscow Olympics, belongs to one of Australia's better-known families. One of her sisters is a leading model there and the weather girl on national television, and the other is married to Dick Creely, an Australian tennis player. Rosie wants to go into broadcasting herself, though probably in the U.S. "My fa-

ther can't understand me over the phone anymore," she says. "He claims that I've got a horrible American accent."

The couple has gone together for a year and a half with the blessing of Reese, who normally discourages romance between team members. During that time Beardsley has won one NCAA and two national titles. "It surely hasn't hurt," says Craig. He has taught her how to use chopsticks; she has taught him Australian slang.

In Gainesville, Beardsley rents a remarkably messy slab house with three current or former Florida swimmers. "The roaches pay nothing," says Rosie, who lives in a dorm. What amazes Beardsley's roommates, as it always has his parents, is his appetite. "I'd leave the house after cooking a three-pound roast for dinner," says his mother, "and when I'd come back a few hours later the whole roast would be gone."

getting in dutch with Reese. These days he munches Oreos while he studies, and knows every all-you-can-eat deal in town, from the Holiday Inn West's \$3.25 breakfast buffet to Papa Jay's \$2.89 fried chicken special. "The best place to go is Burrito Brothers," he says. "They've got the biggest burritos you've ever seen."

Beardsley rides a motorcycle around campus, but plans to sell it. It isn't adequate to carry his surfboard, his cello or Rosie. "My father gave me a choice between a motorcycle and a home computer as a reward for my world record last summer," says Beardsley. "I made a stupid choice." A business major, he hopes to become his father's partner someday and work with the small computers that are Rosie's newest line. But until the 1984 Olympics, Craig intends to stay at Florida and train.

"People ask Rosie and me, 'If you get married and have kids, what'll they look



Beardsleys at home: Russ reads, Karen fiddles, Jeanne tickles Ivories, Travis dogs it.

"I've counted him eating 25,000 to 30,000 calories in a single day," says Russ. "We even took him to a doctor to see if something was wrong. It's just all that swimming. If he stops for a week, he'll put on 15 pounds."

Oddly, when he came to Florida, Beardsley was too light; he once had to slip a 2½-pound weight down the back of his suit at a team weigh-in to avoid

like!" says Beardsley, whose family is already a melting pot. Russ Beardsley has a half-Chinese step-brother named Elliott Chan, and Jeanne Beardsley has relatives who live in Peru. "Well, we don't have any wedding plans or anything yet," says Craig. "We're both pretty busy now. What I have are a lot of swimming plans." And those are big plans, indeed.

END

Don't panic, folks, the omnipresent Japanese have not taken over American baseball, though an impressionable patriot might conclude this after viewing the spring training scene below. Last year four Japanese teams worked out with clubs in the U.S., including the Hanshin Tigers (shown here) with the Cleveland Indians in Tucson.



WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

PAINTINGS BY BERNARD FUCHS







In Tempe, a pitcher warms up under the watchful eyes of fans on the bluff above, while in Scottsdale, an American export wears a foreign uniform far from home.





The long arms of a saguaro cactus in Phoenix and the long lenses of a contingent of Japanese press photographers in Tucson create an unusual spring training atmosphere.





1982 Chevrolet Celebrity from GM.



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DESIGN FOR SPORT



Bring out the spring boards

Boardsailing began as a warm-weather sport but today, even in early spring, boards with colorful sails can be spotted darting across lakes and along shorelines like waterborne butterflies. All-season sailing thrives because manufacturers have improved wet suits with new designs and hi-tech materials; for example,

neoprene now comes in varying densities and is made more durable when sandwiched between nylon layers. At present there are 800,000 boardsailors around the world, one of whom, Drew Marklinghaus (above), hangs around on Seattle's Lake Union in a nylon and neoprene suit (\$125) from Rip Curl. —JULE CAMPBELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDY HAYT



At McKees Beach on Puget Sound, Wendy Bus (left) takes 10 in a Pacific Sailboards suit (\$290) while Karen Anderson stretches out in an elastic racing suit (\$145) by CB Sports that will be available in fall.



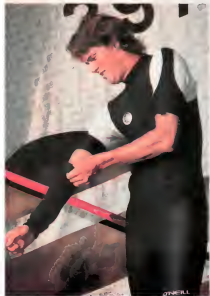
Drew wafts over the water at Seattle's Union Bay Sailboard Club in a pullover (\$65) and pants (\$30) from Brezza Sports that are made of spinnaker cloth and coated with water-resistant urethane.

Daryl West almost flips he's having so much fun at Lake Union in a Rip Curl 2mm double-nylon and neoprene suit (\$155). His 5mm neoprene booties (\$45) with non-slip soles are from Pacific Sailboards.





Catching a spring breeze, Celeste Barnett takes off in lightweight stretch polyurethane that's lined with nylon-terry by Ronny (\$280), while Drew and Celeste ride tandem in suits from Pacific Sailboards (\$245). Bruce Anderson, getting down to a basic O'Neill suit (\$175), slips off his sleeves with Velcro fasteners.



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How 'bout them Cubillies?

by Ron Fimrite

Now that 18 Phils have joined Chicago's Cubs, the team has higher hopes

Dickie Nokes, the rarely tranquil pitcher, was seated at the far end of the dugout at HoHoKam Park in Mesa, Ariz. last week, steadfastly not watching a spring training B game. Because he wasn't a scheduled participant in this struggle, he was startled to hear his name called. "Nokes," the voice said, "get out there and coach first base." With the devotion that typifies the new character of his team, Nokes dutifully trotted to the box—which, to his humiliation, was already occupied by a Milwaukee Brewers coach. Nokes's team wasn't even at bat. "I don't believe this one," he said on the way back to a dugout filled with teammates howling with laughter, notably Larry Bowa and Keith Moreland.

Oh, what a bunch of cutups those Phillies are, you might say. Maybe so, but HoHoKam Park is the spring home of the Chicago Cubs, and Bowa, Moreland and Nokes are Cubbies, and part of the new look the North Siders have taken on. The Broad Street look, it could be

called, because, at last count, 18 former members of the Philadelphia organization, from executive vice president-general manager Dallas Green to rookie infielder-outfielder Ryne Sandberg, are now Cubs. The first edition of the Tribune Company-owned team is jokingly called the "Chicago Phillies."

The Cubs have always been as rich a source of humor as mothers-in-law. They are the lovable losers of baseball, the "Munchkins of the Midway" who haven't won a World Series in 73 years and haven't even been in one in 36. "There is no off-season in Chicago," Tribune columnist Steve Daley once observed. "It is only when the teams start playing that the fans lose interest." Jeopardy of this nature doesn't amuse Green, a mountainous man with a fierce aspect. "It bothers me," he says. "I know Cub fans are totally loyal, but the way it's been, if you're a Cub, you're loved whether you play well or not. That's not the way it should be."

The Cubs' new slogan is "Building a New Tradition," which, of course, defies the true meaning of tradition. "Years of losing had permeated this entire organization," Green said last week from the HoHoKam ball park—which, in the old tradition, is situated across the street from a cemetery. "This is a great franchise, but a change of ownership was paramount. A fresh approach is what the Tribune Company wants, and we're going to give it to them."

Green more than trebled the size of the Cubs' understaffed front office, largely with former Phillies, among them Gordon Goldsberry, who has the formidable assignment of rebuilding the rickety farm system. Green puts high priority on the minor league operation, because he ran the Phillies' farm system when he joined the front office in 1972. "When Ruly Carpenter brought Paul Owens [as general manager] and me in, we had a team that finished 37½ games behind. We had no semblance of a team. But we put the right people in the right places and turned it all around."

Green proved to be one of the right people when he was appointed field manager late in the 1979 season as an emergency replacement for the cashiered Danny Ozark. Green's uncompromising manner and his dedication to the work ethic didn't exactly endear him to his players, who had won NL East titles in 1976, '77 and '78 but never made it to the Series. The Phillies fought against him, among themselves and with almost everyone throughout the 1980 season. They also won the club's first National League pennant in 30 years and the first World Series in the 97-year history of the franchise.

But Green remained a reluctant manager. He had been happy in the front office and had good reason to believe that someday he would succeed his good

continued



Green (left) and Elia hope a get-tough policy will work wonders on the North Side.

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friend Owens as general manager. Then the team was sold last year by the Carpenter family to a group headed by Team President Bill Giles. Meanwhile, Andrew J. McKenna, the man the Tribune Company put in charge of the Cubs when it bought them from the Wrigley family, was looking for a G.M. of his own. Green had been a winner and he had had front-office experience: The perfect man for the job, McKenna reasoned, and he called him. Green at first said he wasn't interested; he'd been a Phillie for 24 of his 26 years in baseball. But McKenna was convincing, and Green soon recognized that the Cubs represented the same challenge the Phillies had nine years before.

Green picked an old Phillies friend, Lee Elia, as his manager. Green and Elia first met when Green, now 47, was a senior and Elia, 44, a freshman at the University of Delaware. "I really didn't know Dallas that well then," says Elia, who played for the White Sox (1966) and the Cubs (1968). "The next time we got together was in 1963, when he pitched and I played shortstop for Little Rock in the International League. Then I didn't hear from him again until August of 1972, when he offered me a third-base coaching job the next season with Eugene, the Phils' Triple A team. I'd been out of baseball three years, was selling insurance and managing a semipro team in Philly. I'd made \$19,000 the year before. Dallas offered me \$8,000. We settled on \$8,500. If I didn't take that job, I knew I'd never get back into baseball, and I guess that was what I really wanted."

Elia managed in the minors for five years, and in 1980 Green gave him the Phils' third-base coaching job. He held that position for two years; now Green has made him field manager in Chicago. Elia hired two former Phillies, John Vukovich as third-base coach and Tom Harman as bullpen coach, to go with holdover batting instructor Billy Williams and former Kansas City coaches Bill Connors and Gordy MacKenzie. Connors, not surprisingly, got his coaching start in the Philadelphia organization.

Several weeks before the start of spring training, Green sent a letter to all the Cub players that read, in part, "Other National League clubs know that if you stay close [to the Cubs], they'll beat themselves by not paying attention to fundamentals, that down deep they don't care about being a Cub or being successful. . . . Don't slough this letter off as B.S. I know for a fact that most of you are out of shape." The fat, so to speak, was in the fire.

The players not only showed up in



At 36, Bowa is willing to sacrifice for Green and the Cubs.

good shape, but they also exhibited a new and endearing enthusiasm. "We never had any direction here," old Cub Bill Buckner says. "Now we do. Everything is organized and everything is going in a positive direction. The difference starts at the top."

And what of the new attitude? "The feeling here before was that of a losing club," Billy Williams says. "They've brought in people who've been on winners. That attitude filters down." The winners, of course, are the ex-Phillies: Bowa, Nolas, Moreland, Sandberg, plus Pitcher Dan Larson and Catcher Miguel Ibarra. Of these, Bowa, Moreland and Sandberg are the key performers. Moreland, 27, can catch, play third and the outfield, and in the 1980 championship

season he hit .314 in 62 games. He's a money player in the literal sense. "We all play for money," he says, "and winning gets you more money. We've got people here now who will spend money and players who'll work hard for it. Dallas knew the type of player he was getting."

Sandberg, who is only 22, represents the Cubs' future. He's a natural shortstop who can play third, second and centerfield, all Cub weak spots. Green told Sandberg that if he learned to play the other positions, his chances of staying with the team this year were much improved and that when Bowa, who is 36, decides to step down, he can become the shortstop.

Bowa has no interest in stepping down. He's as contentious and outspoken as he was in Philadelphia, and he more than anyone is the spirit of the new Cubs. Green got both Sandberg and Bowa from the Phillies for last year's Cub shortstop, Ivan DeJesus. It was a trade that surprised some, because Bowa and Green were hardly close in their Philie days. They are not exactly Chang and Eng now, but there is a mutual respect. "Bo had a traumatic 1980 season," Green says. "He got into an argument with Rudy over money. He was the player rep, and he was caught in the middle of the strike talks. Then there was that drug problem up in Reading [Bowa and several other Phillies were accused of obtaining illegal prescriptions but later were exonerated]. And I kept telling him that he wasn't playing as well as he can. I kept screaming at him, in fact. So he hated his manager, he hated the press . . . and he played like hell in the World Series. That's the kind of person I wanted to bring with me. He put his butt aside and went out and won for us. Now there are . . . what? . . . 650 major league players. Fifty of them are so-called superstars. Another 300 are good and 300 are just so-so. The difference is that the good 300 will sacrifice. They'll see a goal and strive for it. The so-so 300 are collecting their paychecks. I want people on my team who are in that first 300 class. Bo is one of them."

Bowa is a voluble, restless, cranky little guy, a master needler who his mis-

tered the macho camaraderie that is so much a part of major league clubhouse life. "Larry Bowa made me feel like we'd been playing together forever," says Leon (Bull) Durham, an outfielder who came to the Cubs last year from St. Louis and was disappointed to discover that "the players in Chicago wanted it, but not enough."

"It always seemed to me that the Cubs would just wait around for something bad to happen," Bowa said last week. "It wasn't that they had bad personnel. There was just something negative. That's gone now, although we're not going to turn it around here overnight. I regret leaving some of the guys in Philadelphia, but there are a lot of them here. Besides, it was obvious to me that the new owners in Philly didn't want me. Dallas and I have had our differences, but it doesn't mean we dislike each other. I'm happy to be here."

Bowa did present Green with one problem. Buckner had been the highest-paid player on the team, as befitted his stature. Then along came Bowa with his \$500,000 salary. To preserve harmony and to erase any question of favoritism toward the Philadelphia gang, Green swallowed a principle and agreed to "modify" the Buckner contract, so that at roughly \$600,000 he remained atop the salary structure. "This will allow Bill and the rest of the club to prepare physically and mentally for the 1982 season," Green said.

But Green remains committed to "the kids." The Bows and the Buckners will keep the Cubs competitive until the youngsters can assume their rightful places. "All we're saying about attitude will be nothing more than lip service if we don't get this team out of the doldrums," Green says. "Look, we're not just one man away from winning. We're lots of men. But I do believe in our kids. We'll give them the opportunity, and someday soon we'll be able to hold our heads up."

The Cubs are a long way from being winners, but at least they don't sound like losers anymore. If nothing else, the tough guys from Philly are making them less Chaplinesque. "It's a funny thing," says the 24-year-old Durham. "The other day, Dickie Noles let me hold his World Series ring in my hand. I just looked at that thing. It was beautiful. I want one of those things. Badly." That's the spirit.

END



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HOCKEY



Joe's first "rink": a New York schoolyard.

Out of the frying pan, onto the ice

As a kid, Blues rookie Joe Mullen cooked on wheels in Hell's Kitchen

Hell won't have any ice rinks until it freezes over. If it ever does, Hell's Kitchen, a section of midtown Manhattan's West Side, will be the last place to take on a glaze. The devil does his cooking where Joe Mullen grew up, on a block that will never be confused with a flooded wheat field in Saskatchewan. "Like any other kid in the city," says Mullen, "if you looked for trouble, you could find it. As far as hanging out on corners, I didn't do any of that. But growing up where I did makes me appreciate what I have now."

Specifically, that's an NHL career as promising as it is unlikely. Since Dec. 30, when he was recalled from Salt Lake City for the second time this season, Mullen, a 25-year-old right wing, has been a grace note in a very blue season for St. Louis. At week's end, he had 47 points in 39 games and his line had become the most productive on the team. Last Thursday, with a wrist shot in the first period of a 7-4 victory over Detroit, Mullen became the first player ever to score 20 goals in the majors and the minors in the same season; he had 21 goals in 29 games at Salt Lake City. That's heady stuff for someone who once scavenged sticks from Madison Square Garden and learned to handle them while roller skating.

"I practically lived on roller skates, so it was easy to learn roller hockey," says Mullen, who played in a sunken concrete schoolyard on West 49th Street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues, opposite his family's walk-up apartment building and less than a block from the old Garden. "We'd sand down the sides of a roll of electrical tape and use it as a puck. You had to watch yourself going too fast because of the cement walls."

When not playing roller hockey, Mullen and his three brothers were often at the Garden, where their father, Tom, has worked on the ice and maintenance staffs for 22 years. "Those kids were real rink rats," says Ranger Business Manager and Public Relations Director John Halligan. "They were always around the old Garden, and you knew they rarely had tickets. They just learned how to get

by Alexander Wolff

in the place." When the boys smacked it, it was against the strict orders of their father, who seldom could afford tickets. Once inside, they'd play "foot hockey" before and after games, kicking a crushed paper cup into a stairwell that served as a goal.

Mostly, though, they played roller hockey in after-school pickup games or in a program sponsored by the Police Athletic League. The boys' parents gave the sport their ambivalent blessing. "Sometimes I'd just cover my eyes," says Marion Mullen, their mother, who could watch the games from the family's fifth-floor apartment. "I've seen Joe jump over a player's back and land on his feet and go in and score." In street parlance, an in-your-face disgrace.

Mullen has a knack for the net and is willing to dig the puck out of the corners. But his greatest strength may be his balance, an imperative in roller hockey. Cutting and stopping are more difficult on roller skates than on ice skates, and there's always the threat of a concrete kiss. "He's the type of player who'll still score while being knocked down," says St. Louis linemate Blake Dunlop. "He has very good balance and coordination. Maybe roller hockey's the reason."

It also may explain his fearlessness. "When I look at a forward, I don't care whether he's big, small or medium," says Emile (The Cat) Francis, the Blues' president and general manager who replaced Red Berenson as coach on March 9. "I just want to know: Will he take a check to make a play? Joe will."

Mullen, who's 5'9" and 180 pounds, didn't skate on ice until he was 10, but four years later he was one of the youngest players in New York's Metropolitan Junior Hockey Association, a youth program Francis founded in 1966 while he was G.M. of the Rangers. Francis began the Met League as a goodwill gesture, lining up local sponsors and scheduling doubleheaders in the Garden as undercards to Ranger games. Nick Fotu of the Rangers and Chris Ahrens, formerly of

(Continued)



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Minnesota, have come up through the Met League.

"Joe was like a vagabond," says Tom Horvath, the Rangers' clubhouse attendant and the coach of the Westsiders, the Mullen boys' team. "I'm not surprised he's made the NHL. He had such determination. If Joe knew he could get see time somewhere on his own, he'd go as far as he had to go. The Westsiders couldn't afford ice, so we'd practice on roller skates."

Francis learned of Mullen's ability while watching the Westsiders outclass the rest of the Met League. In 40 games in 1974-75 Mullen had 110 goals, outdistancing the No. 2 scorer by 52. Still, when Mullen became eligible for the draft in his sophomore season at Boston College in 1977, he wasn't yet The Cat's pygamas. No NHL club selected Mullen. "That was the best thing to ever happen to him," says Denis Ball, Francis' administrative assistant. "It gave him a chance to build up his body. And if he'd been drafted then, he would have had to sign with that club. Not getting drafted increased his bargaining power."

Mullen gained 20 pounds and scored at least a goal a game his last two seasons at B.C. By the end of his senior year, several NHL teams were wooing him as a free agent, including the Rangers. So it was that Tom Mullen, at work in the Garden one spring day in 1979, heard

himself paged over the loudspeaker and summoned to the executive suite. He assumed he was going to be chewed out or let go. In fact, the Rangers' president, the late William Jennings, wanted to know what his son's plans were—whether he would accept an invitation to Herb Brooks' Olympic camp or sign a pro contract immediately. To no one's surprise, Joe took the money, but signed with the Blues instead of the Rangers.

In a sense, the devil made him do it—and not a devil with a Blues' dress on. Hell's Kitchen got its name from the lime kilns, glue factories and abattoirs that flourished there during the 19th century, and from vice of the most insidious kind. Kids grew up alcoholics without realizing it, having been weaned on the milk of cows that drank from distilleries' effluents. Parking lots and motels have sprung up since the 1950s, giving the precinct a tamer cast; it may be only Heck's Kitchen now. "But there was dope around, and everything else," says Marion Mullen. "Fortunately my kids were involved enough in sports not to want that stuff."

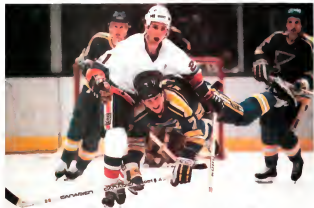
Tom Mullen was one of the crewmen who smoothed out the ice between periods at the old Garden. They marched four and five abreast carrying shovels and pushing water barrels. (Zamboni sono buoni.) Tom, 58, had a stroke three years ago and now wields a broom in-

stead of a shovel. Two other sons are also in hockey: Tom Jr., 26, plays for Salem (Va.) in the Atlantic Coast League, and Brian, a sophomore at Wisconsin, has already been drafted by Winnipeg. Last week he helped lead the Badgers into the Final Four of the NCAA tournament. Ken, 30, is a stagehand on the set of *As the World Turns*. A daughter, Debbie, 22, works in a Manhattan car dealership. And Marion is an usherette at the Broadhurst Theatre, seating audiences for the Broadway hit *Amadeus*.

"One night in March 1980 my mother was at home in bed and the back wall went boom," says Joe. "It just fell into the yard. Looking at the back was like looking into a dollhouse." The Mullens moved a few blocks away. But because of the state of their old building, they salvaged only necessities. Vandals claimed what remained—much of their furniture and about 200 of the boys' trophies.

Joe was in Salt Lake City at the time, busy winning the Rookie of the Year award in the Central Hockey League. Last season he led the CHL in scoring and was named Player of the Year, yet he never got a chance to play with the parent club. The 1980-81 Blues were such a delicately balanced bunch that management didn't dare bring him up. St. Louis confounded the league, finishing second in the overall standings, thanks to Mike Liut's goaltending and top-of-the-charts penalty killing and shorthanded scoring. But this year defensive liabilities have left the Blues with a 29-38-7 record and taken some of the luster from Mullen's rookie season. Still, he has had five two-goal games, two of which are particularly memorable. Against Minnesota on Jan. 5, he set a club record for the fastest two scores in a game by getting his first and second NHL goals within eight seconds. Seven weeks later, Mullen's wife, Linda, was rushed from Joe's fourth two-goal performance to have the couple's first child, a son, Ryan Patrick. "He could have called the baby Ryan Hattrick if he'd scored one more," says Francis.

Mullen himself is Mugsy to his St. Louis teammates, but Mooso—Spanish for monkey—to Julio Quinones and Pepe Garcia, his linemates on the Westsiders. If you're wondering whether the NHL's first Puerto Rican superstar is brewing on a buck burner in Mullen's old neighborhood, you may not have to wait for a cold day in hell to find out. **END**



Mullen got a lift as his goal and assist helped St. Louis gain a 3-3 tie with the Islanders.



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TV/RADIO

by William Oscar Johnson

Give or take \$40 million (with an M), the magic number is \$2 billion (with a B). That, we are reliably informed, is the gold-plated, gargantuan grand value of the NFL's five-year contract with the three commercial TV networks that the league owners ratified on Monday. Actually, it would be more accurate if we measured that massive sum in something called rozillions—beginning with a P for Pete. For, once again, the wisest sports commissioner of them all has gone to the network treasuries and come back loaded with untold riches. Whereas the contract that expired at the end of last season annually awarded each of the 28 NFL teams something like \$5.8 million, the new one will give every club more than \$14 million a year.

Over the past several weeks there were reports that the negotiations had hit numerous snags and that even the slyest diplomacy of Rozelle had been tied in knots by recalcitrant network executives. In fact, things proceeded quite swiftly—though not always smoothly. For openers, Rozelle stunned almost everyone with the magnitude of his original demands: "We had been expecting a 100 percent increase," says one network executive, "but he hit us with 150 percent from the start—and that was a surprise."

As always, Rozelle dealt with the networks one at a time. First to settle was ABC with its monumentally profitable Monday Night Football package. This time, Rozelle sweetened ABC's deal by giving the network its first Super Bowl—number XIX in the year MCMLXXXV. The price for a single Super Bowl in the package averages out to \$16 million. In the previous contract the cost was about \$6 million. ABC's total commitment to the NFL for the next five years is close to \$680 million. The ABC deal was closed quickly, with a minimum of hard bargaining and no hard feelings.

Next Rozelle turned to NBC, widely considered the weak sister among the networks. Both CBS and ABC had their best NFL ratings in 1981, but NBC, with its somewhat less appealing assortment

of AFC teams in smaller cities, had fallen slightly behind its best ratings season of 1980. NBC tried mightily to convince Rozelle that he should shift some of that rich prime-time scheduling from ABC to NBC, but he refused. Ultimately, NBC knuckled under and wound up with a deal—including Super Bowls in 1983 and 1986—that cost roughly \$640 million.

That left CBS. It was a tougher nut than the other two. For one thing, last March CBS shelled out \$48 million to se-

season game and awarded ABC one more prime-time game on a night other than Monday. Also, he assured the networks that for the duration of the contract no form of cable or pay TV would encroach on the Big Three's monopoly.

Several top network executives consider that guarantee highly significant. However, many of them also think Rozelle is simply being his usual cagey self. Says Bill MacPhail, former head of CBS Sports and now vice-president of sports

Millions, billions, rozillions

The NFL's new \$2 billion TV deal means \$14 million annually per team

cure rights to the NCAA basketball tournament for three years. Then, in August, the network spent \$131.75 million to share college football with ABC for four years. So CBS Sports was feeling a bit strapped, and when Rozelle informed the network that its part of the new NFL contract would be a whopping \$770 million, CBS claimed that its sales department couldn't find enough advertising dollars to support such an expenditure. Indeed, the network let Rozelle know it would drop the NFL if he stuck to his outrageous price.

As one insider tells it, "They stood eyeball to eyeball for a while. Then Pete blinked." So it seems. Instead of holding to his demands, Rozelle dropped the price by some \$50 million. CBS salespeople were told to scour the TV marketplace again, and, lo and behold, they found that ABC and NBC were successfully selling spots for NFL games at increased rates. Thus, CBS returned to the NFL fold at approximately \$720 million. CBS will telecast the Super Bowl in 1984 and 1987.

And what, exactly, has Rozelle given the networks in return? Nothing very revolutionary. He increased the number of commercial minutes per game from 23 to 24, gave CBS and NBC an extra pre-



When CBS made Pete blink, it saved \$50 million.

for the Cable News Network. "As usual, Pete's timing is just about perfect. Right now, there is almost nothing cable could do for the NFL anyway. But cable will be ready, and five years from now Pete will be right on the mark."

Possibly so—but possibly not. During these negotiations Rozelle was heard to say, "This is the last time I'll be doing this." It's hard to believe. Yet, if this was indeed Rozelle's last TV contract, be assured that he has left a priceless legacy—worth rozillions — and rozillions — and rozillions . . .

END

A TEAM THAT WAS

In some of the few existing photos of the final, the drama of the game is evident. Rosenbluth, who fouled out, agonizing on the bench alongside his coaches, Freeman and McGuire, Chamberlain, the very picture of a dejected loser, an image he never escaped, being consoled by his coach, Harp, Rosenbluth hollering; and Chamberlain putting a pump fake on Qrigg and Rosenbluth



BLESSED

That's what Wilt Chamberlain calls the unbeaten '56-'57 North Carolina Tar Heels, who upset his Kansas Jayhawks in triple overtime in the most exciting NCAA final ever

by **FRANK DEFORD**

CONTINUED



NORTH CAROLINA

continued

The United States of America was much more regional a quarter of a century ago. This was before designer jeans. People could be distinguished by what they wore and how they talked and what they ate and on a variety of other indigenous counts. For example, when Frank McGuire left St. John's, in New York City, to become the coach at the University of North Carolina in 1952, he had trouble persuading players to go

South with him. This was because most of the best city players then were Roman Catholic, and the other coaches, friends and hangers-around, even a few priests, would tell a player and his parents that if the boy went with McGuire down to the Protestant Bible Belt, he would surely "lose his soul."

McGuire points out now, "This was my biggest hurdle—souls."

Sometimes parochial schools would even refuse to mail a prospect's transcript to heathen Carolina, but McGuire learned, to some extent, how to fight fire with fire. He would tell parents to look at it this way: Their boy wouldn't just be a basketball player, he'd also be serving as a missionary. And at some of the kitchen tables where McGuire raised this point, it went over very well.

Recruiting at that time largely took place right there, at the kitchen table.

The move South wasn't an easy transition for McGuire himself, either. He had come from the big time. The first game he coached at Chapel Hill, about 1,200 fans showed up in a gym that held only 5,632. His office was a shabby, reconstituted section of an old men's room, unable to accommodate two grown men standing shoulder to shoulder. The Carolina team traveled to away games in crowded private cars, and when the players arrived at the distant campus, they slept on cots set up in the host's gym. This was called "local entertainment."

For this bush stuff McGuire never would have left St. John's except for his son, Frankie.

McGuire was a New Yorker through and through, and one of the biggest names in college basketball, having taken the Redmen to the NCAA finals in 1952. Frank McGuire knew everybody in town, and everybody returned the honor. He had the gift of gab, a fine Irish way about him. He had a handsome, open face, and he parted his golden hair high and made you think of Dan Duryea—that is, if just once Dan Duryea had played the good guy. Certainly, McGuire would never have left New York, but in 1951 he and his wife, Pat, had a boy who was named Frankie. Frankie was retarded and had cerebral

Keatts couldn't outjump Chamberlain at the opening tip but now he gives him tips on stocks.





Rosenbluth dates himself by telling some American history students at Coral Gables (Fla.) High that he was an AB-American a quarter of a century ago.

polish, and it was very difficult caring for him in a small apartment in the big city. So it was that McGuire took little North Carolina up on its offer and then started to try to split the flower of high school basketball out of the archdiocese of New York.

It helped McGuire that a lot of the big city colleges recently had been caught fixing games; it also helped that Uncle Harry continued to work the territory for him.

Consequently, in their crew cuts and car coats, four defenders of the faith gathered as freshmen in Chapel Hill in the autumn of '54: Pete Brennan and Joe Quigg from Brooklyn, from St. Augustine and St. Francis, respectively; Bob Cunningham from All Hallows, residing just over the color line, in West Harlem; and Tommy Kearns, who had grown up in the Bronx and moved across the river to Jersey, but commuted an hour and a half each way into Manhattan, to play for Looee Carnesecca at St. Ann's, where he had a basketball scholarship. In those more free-wheeling times, the Catholic schools serious about basketball held try-outs, citywide, and practice began the week after school opened. It was pretty

much the only dream in town. "We played some softball, too," Kearns says, "but it couldn't take you anyplace."

At the time Kearns made this observation, a few weeks ago, he was lying on the beach in Uruguay, a well-tanned role model.

Already ensconced in Chapel Hill, a year ahead of the other New Yorkers, was Lennie Rosenbluth, from the Bronx, a somewhat mysterious, wirathlike figure, 6' 5" and maybe 170, a Jew who didn't arrive at college until he was almost 20, after a high school career that consisted of seven games, total. Rosenbluth had played at playgrounds, Y's, parks, church halls, "the mountains" (i.e., the Catskills, a/k/a the Jewish Alps) and, finally, a military prep school in Virginia. McGuire had never even seen Rosenbluth play; he'd taken him blind on the recommendation of Uncle Harry, who was Harry Gotkin, his main talent scout back in the city.

McGuire had implicit faith in Uncle Harry's basketball judgment, doubting it perhaps only once, in Rosenbluth's sophomore year, when Uncle Harry called up and told McGuire he had a hot prospect named Lotz. "Damn it, Harry, all you get

me is Jews and Catholics; can't you ever get me a Protestant?" McGuire snapped. He was thinking of lox and bagels. In fact, as Uncle Harry then tried to explain, Danny Lotz's father was a Baptist minister. They had really struck it rich, Protestant-wise. Later on, even, Danny Lotz married Billy Graham's daughter.

But getting back to Rosenbluth. In his junior year at Carolina he was joined on the varsity by the four Catholic boys, and the team began to shake out. The Tar Heels went 18-5 in 1955-56, and the next season they were a set piece from the first victory, in Asheboro, over a semipro club known as the McCrory Eagles. About then, the jokes began about "the four Catholics chasing the Jew upcourt" and other hilarious variations on this theme.

And a true story. Waning seconds, close game, Rosenbluth at the line, McGuire: "Say a Hail Mary, Lennie, and make the shot."

Lennie: "But I don't know how to say Hail Mary."

Brennan: "We'll say a Hail Mary. You make the shot."

And so forth and so on. Hopes were high that the Tar Heels

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would win the Atlantic Coast Conference, because that would have redounded not only to the glory of the university but also to the repute of what all the principals still pronounce as "Noo Yawk" basketball. While the college game was almost exclusively sectional then, the four major teams in North Carolina constituted an exception. For years N.C. State, perennially the team to beat, was stocked with Hossier sharpshooters that Coach Everett Case, the Old Gray Fox, imported from Indiana. Duke featured Philadelphia players—good ball handling was their trademark—just as Carolina now had its Noo Yawkers and Wake its Southern Baptists and a Methodist ringer or two.

To win the ACC was the Tar Heels' great goal that year. That would make a grand double victory, for school and style alike. The latter was known as give-and-go.

THE FOE

There was indeed an NCAA tournament then, had been for years, but Carolina dared harbor no serious aspirations of

winning the national title, because everyone everywhere simply assumed that Kansas would win the crown in 1957. And in '58 and '59, for that matter. This was because a young giant from Philadelphia, Wilt Chamberlain, had decided to play for the Jayhawks, and now he was entering his sophomore year, his first of varsity eligibility.

He was then perceived as superhuman. "People today cannot imagine the impact that man had on us all at that time," Joe Quigg says. "Wilt was just a colossus." He stood somewhat over seven feet, he was powerful and quick, and he was black! His reputation preceded him to Lawrence, Kans., because he was surely the first high school athlete whose recruiting was coast-to-coast news. "I don't mean these things to sound wrong, but I was above all the other guys then," Chamberlain says. "I guess I was just ahead of my time."

The only question seriously debated was whether or not Wilt would destroy college basketball.

It didn't take long for teams that were playing Chamberlain to figure out that

their only chance was to collapse the defense around him and hold the ball on offense. Kansas would even lose twice—both times by a basket in a low-scoring game on the road. "What they did to Wilt would have provoked you or me to distraction—two or three bodies always packed up against him," says Dick Harp, who was his coach. "He never got any breaks from the officials, but he never lost his composure."

"Looking back, I don't ever remember feeling any pressure that season," Chamberlain says. "All I can remember is getting bored so often." The championship would be restorative. Kansas drew San Francisco, the defending champ, in the semifinals. A 6'9" guy named Art Day jumped against Wilt. "So you're Mr. Chamberlain," he said, and Wilt only snarled at him and made it a point to "crush" Day's first shot. At that, Day looked up awestruck. "So, you are Mr. Chamberlain," he said, and Wilt broke out laughing, right on the court. Chamberlain scored 32, at will, and Kansas won 80-56.

It was so devastating that most people forgot which team was coming into the final game undefeated.

THE SEASON

Midway through their schedule, with their record 16-0, North Carolina traveled to Maryland on a train and played the Terps before the largest basketball crowd in the history of the South, 12,200. When Maryland got possession of the ball, leading by four with 40 seconds left, McGuire called time out for the purpose of reviewing how the Tar Heels were to act—like gentlemen—in defeat. They won in overtime. "After that, after I called time out to tell them how to lose, and still they couldn't, well, from then on I knew they were really something special," McGuire says.

But it was McGuire who set the tone. "The best thing he did was he left us alone, five guys who played Noo Yawk style," Brennan says. Much of the strategy, the matchups, McGuire turned over to his assistant, the late Buck Freeman, who had, years before, been the head coach of the St. John's Wonder Five. Freeman was tall and white-manned, leonine, but he was also a fussy old bachelor who liked his whiskey. Above all, he was



Because of Frankie, McGuire came to the Carolinas, where he coached a champion and lost Duke.

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an utter technical genius, perfectly complementing the younger McGuire, who was a master of tempo, of game and group psychology. It's said that no coach has ever better understood when to call time outs than Frank McGuire.

The Tar Heels aligned themselves in such a way as to defy conventional defenses. "There was a chemistry, patterns, not plays," Rosenbluth says, "and when you have that, scouting reports don't mean a thing." In fact, broken down, the Carolina offense more closely resembled

that used by the Harlem Globetrotters than any other. Rosenbluth was in the middle, back to the basket, the "showmen," as the Globies call their "lead" (Meadowlark, Goose, Geese, whoever). Kearns was the "floorman" (Marques or Curly) out front with the ball. The two more traditional sturdy-center types, Quigg and Brennan, weren't under the basket, where they might get in the showman's way, but were put out in the corners.

Cunningham, at 6' 3", tall for a 1950s guard—and to gild the lily, McGuire listed him at 6' 4"—was the other starter. Just where were you, Bobby? "Sneakin'. Always sneakin' around," he says. "Lookin' after my children." He means the four more visible starters. Cunningham was the classic fifth man.

As a high school junior he scored more than 20 points a game and got 30 college offers. But, in November of his senior year, he took 100 stitches in his shooting hand when it went through a window. The doctors wanted to amputate his thumb right away, and would have but for the pleas of his father, an immigrant laborer from Ireland. So the thumb was salvaged, but only McGuire kept his promise of a scholarship, a display of loyalty that also had much to do with cementing Kearns's decision in favor of Chapel Hill.

His touch gone, Cunningham accepted the grubby tasks. "After where I came from and what I'd been through, I was just glad to be a part," he says. Even Rosenbluth, the big name, the big scorer, says that Cunningham, the least renowned, was "the key." But they all had to give up something. Rosenbluth would take himself out of the flow and let his teammates score more if he was double-teamed.

But none of the others ever resented sending the ball in to Lemmie, because they'd never seen a man who could shoot as he could—spinning layups, hooks, turnaround jumpers. Three of the other four starters—Kearns, Cunningham and Brennan—all proudly, distinctly recall being the one who threw the pass to Rosenbluth when he scored his most extraordinary basket, a 14-foot hook shot, in traffic, against Wake in the ACC tournament, in the final minute, down a point. Kearns, although the cockiest of

the lot, probably had the most difficult time adjusting, both to the team and to "the foreign country down there." As popular and smooth as he was, Kearns was more of a loner than his classmates on the team, and would have left Carolina as a freshman except that his father, a cop and a Coast Guardsman, wouldn't brook that kind of move. "I had real culture shock," Kearns says. "I mean, trees! And I'd be walking around the campus, and all of a sudden everybody is saying hello to me: Hi, how you? I kept thinking, what do they want out of me? What's the con?"

But Kearns found new friends, joined a fraternity in which he was the only member from north of the Mason-Dixon, fell in love with a bank president's daughter over at Duke (McGuire feared Kearns would give away team secrets between kisses) and at last acclimated himself to that strange existence beyond the subways.

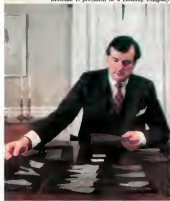
It may seem odd, perhaps, that it was the playmaker and the leading scorer, the two who started and ended most of the action, who were the two most distant individuals on the team. But interpersonal dynamics are often overrated. They were Noo Yawk when it mattered. As Rosenbluth, the captain, the old man, remembers, "we got so close on the court that we got to know exactly what everybody else was doing—and we were free-lance, too. For example, I knew that if Pete put the ball on the floor, it was going up."

But certainly, everybody rooting for the Tar Heels had fallen in love with them. Even the most devout Catholics could see some advantages in that. McGuire received this advice from a bishop: "I know you're making a lot of converts down South, but tell the boys not to bless themselves on the free-throw line unless they're sure they can make the shot." Coincidence or not, the roughest games tended to be against Wake, where anti-Semitic remarks had been directed from the stands against Rosenbluth. Carolina played Wake four times that season and beat the Deacons each time. But each game was tight, and when Rosenbluth won the last one with his miraculous hook, McGuire was moved to observe, "The Catholics and the Baptists were having a helluva battle,

continued



Cunningham is president of a trucking firm. Brennan is president of a clothing company.



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until the Jew took over and broke it up."

And the Tar Heels were good public relations for the state. To have Carolina associated with urbane, ethnic New York was hardly all bad, especially since New York was the limited partner in this endeavor. In a way, you could say that with McGuire's team, the Sun Belt, as we know it, began its transmutation—visibly, anyway—from the Bible Belt. Lennie Rosenbluth was this century's Virginia Dare.

Even if you never thought about it in quite those terms before, Carolina moved onto the Final Four at 30-0, 31-0 counting the lifeline over the McCrory Eagles, which some people still did. Unfortunately, if the Tar Heels got past Michigan State in the semis, their opponent in the championship game would surely be Kansas and Chamberlain, and they would have to face them in the Jayhawks' home territory, in Kansas City. As the Tar Heels' play-by-play announcer, Ray Reeve, was to say over the radio from K.C., "Nobody's given them a Chinaman's chance."

THE FINAL FOUR

Point of fact: Carolina had no business beating Michigan State. The Spartans' coach cried in the locker room afterward because he knew his team should have won. It took three overtimes. Rosenbluth went for 29, but he forced his shots, often firing attempts that Jumpin' Johnny Green skipped away. Kearns played his worst game of the season, and Quigg got only one shot before he fouled out.

So Cunningham, realizing he had to shoot, scored 21, his career high, and he and Brennan saved the streak. Still, it almost ended in regulation when, at 55-all, the Spartans' Jack Quigg threw in a desperation try from past half court at the buzzer. But the referee said time had run out before the shot. "All the luck we had that year," Rosenbluth says. "I guess we used it up for all the Carolina teams that followed."

Chamberlain was to have the best word for it.

Then, at the end of the first overtime, it was truly finished. As they said in North Carolina at the time: "That's all she wrote." Reeves said that on the air. State was up 64-62, six seconds left. Jumpin' Johnny at the line, one-and-one. Kearns remembers how desperate the situation was. The little guy he was guarding just walked over to him and, with a big grin, said three dirty words, "Thirty and one."

But Green missed the front end, and on the left side, Brennan came down with the rebound. He didn't call time out. He didn't look to pass out. He



Quigg, who drilled the winning free throws, drills with today.

turned and dribbled. If Pete put the ball on the floor, it was going up. Only this one time Pete was 80 feet away. He started upcourt by himself, and suddenly he found himself near the other end, 20 feet from the hoop, two defenders in front of him, all his teammates behind. So he pulled up and fired. The buzzer sounded just after the ball went through the twine.

The Tar Heels won, anticlimactically, two overtimes later.

Then they watched for a while as Chamberlain annihilated San Francisco. Far from being intimidated, though, they came away calm in the knowledge of how they had to play him. "San Francisco let him get away with too much," Brennan says. "I don't care how awesome he was. We had to be physical with him." The next day, in the lobby of their hotel, the Continental, Kearns hung out, loving it, advising whatever skeptics would listen, "We're chilly. We're cool. Chamberlain won't give us any jitters." At some point, too (all accounts differ), McGuire told Kearns that if he was so

cocky, he should go out and jump against Chamberlain at the start of the game. Kearns said sure.

The arena was thronged, almost all Kansas. But even this failed to undo the Tar Heels, who had played only eight home games all season. And they did have the governor, Luther Hodges, with them. He flew out after the Michigan State victory, possibly because the games were being specially televised back home, and the state was on its ear. Before this weekend, ACC basketball was popular as a sport; after this, it was woven into the fabric of North Carolina society. Governor Hodges looked around and then plunked himself down in the most visible place he could find, between McGuire and his team, on the bench.

The coach apologized and invited the governor to take a seat at the other end, and then, as the fans blinked and snickered, here came Kearns, 5' 10" and change, elbowing his way into the center circle opposite Chamberlain.

The big man glared down. Kearns played it for all it was worth, tensing, getting way down as if he could spring 20 feet into the air.

So began the most exciting game in NCAA tournament history.

Carolina immediately assumed control. The Tar Heels collapsed two or three men on Wilt and dared the other Jayhawks to stick the ball in from outside. Kansas played a box-and-one, with Maurice King shadowing Rosenbluth. It

was a disastrous strategy; it didn't contain Rosenbluth and it left the other Tar Heels free to shoot over the zone. Of the first seven shots they threw up, Brennan hit one, Rosenbluth, Kearns and Quigg two apiece. Twenty-five years later, Wilt still has the vision of the Carolina center, Quigg, staying way out, chewing gum, throwing up the jumper. It was 17-7 before the Jayhawks went to man-to-man and still 29-22 at the half.

Wilt led Kansas back, and before the second half was nine minutes gone, the Jayhawks were in front 36-35. Quigg and Rosenbluth were each to pick up his fourth foul along in here, too, but even when Chamberlain, then a fine free-throw shooter, made both shots of a one-and-one to put Kansas up by three, Harp kept Kansas in a deliberate offense. Ironically, Harp still maintains, "Had a shot clock been employed then, no one would've been able to come even close to

beating Wilt." But still, he elected to hold the ball.

It almost worked, too. Say that. With 1:45 left, Chamberlain, moving up high, whipped a beautiful pass down into Gene Elstun, who not only made the shot but also drew Rosenbluth's fifth foul. As Elstun stood at the line, it was 44-41, and Chamberlain distinctly recalls glancing up into the stands at this moment, spotting a good friend and sighing at him, at last sure of victory.

But Elstun missed, the Tar Heels scratched back, and in the waning seconds Kearns tied it at 46 from the line.

In the first overtime, each team scored only one basket; in the second, none. Carolina was certainly tired by now, and both teams were tight. Kearns missed three straight foul shots, Quigg, the only one he tried. Chamberlain blew a free throw, too. Cunningham had fouled him and Brennan had grabbed him around

the waist, angering Chamberlain. He had thrown the ball away and ripped Brennan on the head with an elbow; Brennan had stormed back at him, before others had rushed in to break it up. Then someone had torn over to the Carolina bench and tried to slug McGuire. Back in North Carolina, it was chiming midnight as the Tar Heels went into a third overtime for the second straight night.

Kearns made a basket first and all of a one-and-one to put Carolina up four. But Wilt came back with a three-pointer, and when King and Elstun sank free throws, Carolina had one shot, down 53-52. There were 10 seconds left when Quigg ended up with the ball near the top of the key. "It's funny," he says, "I rarely wanted the ball. But this night I'd felt good, right from the start. Good players feel that way all the time, I guess, but it only occasionally happened to me. It just happened that one of those nights was the

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NORTH CAROLINA

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night of the championship game." He made a slight pump fake and drove against the invincible Wilt Chamberlain himself. King, coming across to help out, fouled Quigg just as he got the shot off.

There were six seconds left, and McGuire signaled time out. The universal sign. Right palm plane over tip of left middle finger. T: Time. You're not supposed to do that in these circumstances. That is canon. If anybody calls time, it's supposed to be the other coach, to get the shooter thinking, nervous. But Frank McGuire never called a bad time out, and he knew his man, Joe Quigg.

Quigg had hit a solid 72% from the line on the year, but he'd missed the only free throw he'd taken in the game, under pressure in the first overtime. In this particular situation he wasn't a lock. So as soon as the Tar Heels huddled, the first thing McGuire said, calmly, was, "Now, Joe, as soon as you make 'em . . ." and then he went on to explain how they would work on defense.

Quigg sat on the bench and thought about his dream. He had often dreamed of just this situation. "Only in my dream, it was always a jump shot with no time left," he says. But this would have to do: down one, at the line for two, six seconds left for the NCAA championship.

As it turned out, there really was no time left for Quigg. He was a junior, and he had pro potential, but, as it was, these were the last two shots he would ever shoot.

Before he walked back to the free-throw line, he promised everybody that he would make them both.

And he did. *Swish. Swish.* 54-53.

Not only that, but Quigg was also the one who batted away the last-ditch pass that was intended for Chamberlain in the low post. Kearns retrieved the ball with a couple seconds left, and after dribbling once, he heaved it away, high up in the air. It's so strange to see a game end that way, all the players looking straight up, half of them helplessly, half in exultation. And then the clock runs out, and all the Kansas players drop their eyes to the floor and walk off. All the Carolina players suddenly lower their heads, too—but not down, only around, finding one another, then running into each other's arms, 32-0, 33-0 if you count the McCurry Eagles.

THE CELEBRATION

In those medieval times—there were, for example, only four photographers at the game—the championship was played in an arena lacking proper locker-room facilities, so the players dressed in their hotels. Quigg remembers the odd sensation of winning the national title and then "just running through the streets of Kansas City, all by myself." The air was heavy with mist.

Back at their hotel, the Tar Heels sat around and sort of stared at each other, goofy with delight, "a good tired." Their bodies were only now beginning to comprehend what they had been asked to do the past two nights. Brennan, Cunningham and Kearns had played all 110 minutes. What with the governor there, McGuire quickly threw a victory party, and the tab for that affair came to \$1,500, which was so extravagant, the North Carolina athletic director thought, that he made McGuire spring for the Roquefort dressing, which had been a \$58 extra. McGuire has never gotten over that.

But it was the only sour note. There was such a fuss made over the Tar Heels that the plane that brought them home the next day had to circle the Raleigh-

Durham airport for some time until police could clear the runway of well-wishers. The whole state adored the team. On campus, fellow students would worshipfully ask the players for autographs. It was the spring of 1957, presumably a most innocent time. It was the good old days. It was the absolute peak year of the baby boom. Young Love, by Sonny James, topped the charts that month: "They say for every boy and girl/ There's just one love in this old world. . . ." It was that kind of time, crew cuts and car coats, and, obviously, it would go on for ever and a day.

The next weekend some of the players went home. Brennan, the conquering hero, rushed over to Brooklyn from LaGuardia. His father was a subway motorman, and Pete was one of ten children. The Brennans lived in a two-family house, with the Cocos next door. The hero dashed up the steps, just as Mrs. Cocoa was coming out. "Hey, Petey," she said, "when did you get back from the solvace?"

THE THEREAFTER

So it was, Brennan says, that his feet came back to earth. The others would follow him down. They had caught light-

continued



McGuire's unbeaten New Yorkers: (from left) Quigg, Brennan, Cunningham, Kearns, Rosenblatt.

NORTH CAROLINA

continued

ning in a bottle during that one season, but then the world became sane and cruel again. Quigg got hit the hardest of all. The reason those free throws were the last points he ever made was that the next fall he fractured his right leg in a practice session, and he has never even been able to straighten it properly since. And Rosenbluth. As great a shooter as he was, at 6' 5", 170 pounds, he couldn't survive the grind in the NBA. They beat him into the ground, and he quit after two desultory seasons.

Cunningham, Brennan and Kearns formed the heart of the 1957-58 Carolina team, and it was a good team, a nice team, and Brennan made first-string All-American and Kearns third, but there was no more magic. The Knicks drafted Brennan in the first round, tried to convert him to guard, waived him to Cincinnati, and then he got out. Kearns was drafted first by Syracuse, but he only played seven minutes in one NBA game. He took one shot and made it: 2.0 ppg., 1.000 FG%, for all time.

Kearns didn't make the Nats because in his stead they decided to keep the unknown guard they had drafted on the second round. His name was Hal Greer. And that proved more of an indication of things to come than anything Carolina had done. The 1956-57 Tar-Heels, it turned out, were more of a transition, a bridge. Before them, college basketball was a regional game, and after them, influenced by them, it went big-time, coast to coast. It was never the same again, although it didn't go in the direction that appeared so evident at the time. Soon there weren't that many guys crossing themselves at the free-throw line.

The white people, the Catholics and the Jews, moved to the suburbs, and black people started moving onto the courts in increasing numbers. Softball can't take you anywhere. The only basketball player to come out of North Carolina at that time and become a pro star was a guy from North Carolina Central named Sam Jones, whom nobody at the NCAAAs had ever even heard of.

Give and go.

Although this too: Maybe the New York boys did make it easier for those who followed. Maybe if a bunch of Catholics and a Jew can play for your Dixie alma mater, maybe that makes it more palatable to accept blacks. Certainly, that's a possibility.

But once the Tar Heel players understood it was over, all of them went on about their lives. For athletes using sports to scratch their way up then, college was itself something to achieve; it was not, as it has become, merely basic training for the pros. Of the 12 guys on the championship team's roster, all graduated from Chapel Hill, and six earned advanced degrees. "That may be more of

State. In 1961 McGuire was enticed to leave Chapel Hill to coach Philadelphia in the NBA. His star was Chamberlain; it was under McGuire that Wilt averaged 50 and went for 100 in one game. But then McGuire came back South, taking the coaching job at the University of South Carolina, where he had some right good teams. Retired, he and Jane still live in Columbia, very near to where Frankie, now 30, is institutionalized. It's important not to forget that all of this happened on account of Frankie.

THE LOSER

Wilt Chamberlain left the arena in Kansas City for the lonely walk back to his hotel, the old Muehlebach. Against what was now a light rain, he wore a little British driving cap. A small boy from Chapel Hill, who had flown out for the games, ran in circles around the big man, cruelly taunting him, chanting, "We wilted the Sitt, we wilted the Sitt," over and over. But Chamberlain didn't take the bait. He only looked ahead and kept on walking.

In another hour or two he was back on campus in Lawrence. Louis Armstrong was playing there that evening. It was envisioned as a victory ball. "Old Satchmo was playing *When the Saints Go Marching In*, but we marched back losers instead," Chamberlain said ruefully a few weeks ago, smiling softly at a friend sitting next to him. The friend shrugged in sympathy.

It takes a lot of gumption for Wilt to talk like this, because as the years have passed he has come to understand how that one game in Kansas City changed the whole perception of him. He came in as the invincible giant, but when he went out, he carried with him some vague impression of defeat, of being his destiny. It was with Bill Russell and the Celtics that this became a pox upon Chamberlain, but he knows only too well where the germ first alighted. He knows, "Of all the games in my career, and certainly so far as image is concerned, you understand, that goddam one against Carolina was the biggest," he says.

Year	Team	Record	Final Opponent
1956	San Francisco	29-0	Iowa 83-71
1957	North Carolina	32-0	Kansas 54-53 (3 OT)
1964	UCLA	30-0	Duke 98-83
1967	UCLA	30-0	Dayton 79-64
1972	UCLA	30-0	Florida St. 81-76
1973	UCLA	30-0	Memphis St. 87-66
1976	Indiana	32-0	Michigan 86-68

an accomplishment than the 32-0," Brennan says.

Of the starters, he and Quigg, the two Brooklyn boys, stayed in Carolina. Quigg is a dentist in Fayetteville. Brennan is the designer of his own men's fashion line, Pinehurst Clothing, in Charlotte. The other three all returned to work in Carolina for a while before moving on. Rosenbluth teaches American history at Coral Gables (Fla.) High School, while coaching a basketball team at Deersborne, a nearby private school. Kearns and Cunningham both live in the Connecticut suburbs of New York, where Cunningham is president of a trucking firm, Advanced Delivery Systems, Inc., and Kearns is a partner with Bear Stearns, a Wall Street brokerage.

Kearns married his Duke sweetheart; the other four all married Chapel Hill co-eds. None is divorced; you see, Sonny James was right. After Pat McGuire died of cancer, Frank married a Carolina belle, too, only Jane McGuire comes from across the line, in the Palmetto

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NORTH CAROLINA

continued

It is ironic, too, that no one protests the unfairness of this stigma so much as McGuire and the champion Tar Heels do. Kearns, particularly Kearns, who was sent out to jump-center, to somehow mock and rattle the giant, refutes the loser's tag that clings to Chamberlain.

That Kearns had jumped center might have disturbed Wilt more than he ever let on, too. McGuire recalls that four years later, when he first met Chamberlain at Philadelphia, Wilt was quick to ask McGuire why he had done that to him in Kansas City.

In fact, there's no consensus on exactly where the center-jump idea came from. In contrast, Kearns knows precisely why he had the presence of mind to haul the ball up, free and clear, in the last seconds of the game. He remembered hearing that Hot Rod Hundley had pulled that stunt once at West Virginia, and "There were a couple guys around me, but Wilt was in the back of my mind. I just figured even he couldn't get the

ball if it was 400 feet up in the air."

Wilt did everything just right at the end, in the clutch. This is perfectly clear from the old films. When Quigg got the ball at the left of the top of the key, he gave a little fake as if to shoot, and Chamberlain came up on him some, as well he should have; he knew that the guy with the chewing gum could hit from outside. So then, when Quigg started to drive, he had a slight edge, maybe half a step, on Wilt. But Chamberlain angled back, so that he was comfortably between Quigg and the basket when Quigg shot. Wilt blocked the ball cleanly, and that would have been the end of that—except King had left his man and, helping out, had fouled Quigg. So that was how Chamberlain's man got the chance to sink the shots that put Carolina ahead.

Kansas called time, with five seconds to score. Everyone in the building knew the ball was going inside to Chamberlain, but still—although nobody seems to remember this except Wilt—Carolina

botched it. Really. McGuire recalls telling Quigg to play in front of Chamberlain and Lotz directly behind. If Wilt got the ball, McGuire wanted Lotz to pin both Wilt's arms immediately. "At least make him beat us on the foul line," McGuire said. But if he gave those instructions, Lotz somehow failed to comprehend them, because when play resumed, Lotz was not only not behind Chamberlain, he was well in front, edging out to the foul line, where Ron Loncski would receive the inbound pass. Lotz laughs now at the part he played in the drama. "It wasn't very bright of me, was it?" he says.

Quigg did get in front of Chamberlain and then realized, to his horror, that he, at 6' 7", was all alone against Wilt. Brennan, the other forecourtmann, was several steps to the side, ready to guard Elstun should he get the ball in the right corner. Quigg even remembers screaming in panic to Brennan, "Come back! Come back!" Brennan did, but it was too late. Brennan was never more than parallel to Chamberlain's right side, where he was defenseless to ward off a pass coming in from the left. If the pass had only been lofted a few inches higher, neither Carolina nor, for that matter, all the angels in heaven could have stopped Chamberlain from stuffing the winning basket through the hoop.

So the Tar Heels didn't execute that play well. Kansas didn't execute that play well. And for it, Chamberlain was the one who forever became a loser. That's all she wrote.

It's merely an added curiosity that Chamberlain retains a more vivid picture of the final seconds than do any of the winners. "The best teams I ever played against were the smartest," he says. "Boston, then New York in the pros. And Carolina this time. But you know what's so funny? Carolina didn't do one dumb thing that whole damn game until the worst possible time, the last five seconds. Then there just wasn't anybody behind me, you understand." He shook his head. "We should've won that game, Tommy."

The reason Chamberlain said Tommy was that he was having a late dinner with Kearns at the Stage Deli, on New York's Seventh Avenue. Somewhere along the way they had met again, far from a cen-

continued



When Rosenbluth fouled out late in the second half, he was congratulated by his Kansas opponents.

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NORTH CAROLINA

Continued

ter circle, and they have been fast friends for years. Kearns handles Chamberlain's stock portfolio. "To tell you the truth, I've never heard of any friendship like ours," Wilt says. "I mean, starting off meeting in that game, like that, you understand, and then ending up friends, which is much more important than any game, ever."

This evening Chamberlain would be staying at Kearns's Manhattan apartment. They had gone to the Millrose Games together, and of course everybody in Madison Square Garden recognized Wilt. Many adults sent their children over for autographs. "I should have worn my sunglasses," Wilt said, "so nobody could recognize me."

And some of Kearns's Noo Yawk pals saw their buddy there with Chamberlain, and they walked by and in stage whispers said such things as, "Hey, isn't that Tommy Kearns, who beat Wilt the Stilt 25 years ago?"

Stuff like that.

Chamberlain wouldn't rise to the bait. In reply, he would say, loudly, things like: "Watch your wallets" or "Imagine there being people still interested in some stupid game that happened 25 years ago."

Stuff like that.

Chamberlain provided the Millrose expertise. He's a notable track aficionado, a member of the U.S. Olympic Committee. He wears a fancy stopwatch around his neck and speaks in the arcane language of splits. Track is his sport now. He even has his own team, Wilt's Athletic Club, and this evening many of his runners and jumpers were competing. Chamberlain obviously takes delight in supporting his club—just this day he had bought a van for its members—in being a patron of the athletic arts, someone who at last can merely enjoy sports without being superhuman, without being Wilt the Stilt, without always being expected to win.

At this time, in February, Chamberlain was still mulling over an incredible offer of almost \$1 million for him, at the age of 45, to finish out the NBA season with the Philadelphia 76ers. He was obviously flattered by the proposal, but just as obviously he didn't need the aggravation of returning to basketball. The older Chamberlain got, the better he could see

that he would never really be permitted to enjoy victory as other athletes do. If he won, so what?—he should have. If he lost, he was a loser. It was his function to be played against.

But he seems at peace now. "I think I've always understood the phenomenon pretty well," he says, eating his way through the Stage Deli menu. "I was never all that surprised that people responded to me so strongly, that a lot of them had strange thoughts about Wilt. I mean, how would you expect most people to react to a black seven-footer, especially if they'd never seen one before? That didn't upset me. I could understand that. And my publicity always preceded me. I could never be given any credit for what I accomplished. The media decided that I was a villain."

"But that's all behind me now. I'm very lucky. You're formed by the people you know well, and I've always been fortunate, you understand, to have good people close to me. Even Kearns," he said, laughing, and he finished off this stage of his meal, washing it down with cream soda. Then he began again. "But about that game now—"

"Hey, Wilt," Kearns said in protest. "That's enough nostalgia. I don't want to live back there 25 years ago, and we won."

"No," Chamberlain said, "maybe losing that one, and some of the others, maybe that was to my advantage. I think, in the long run, it gave me more insight. If you're a winner all the time, you'll never see the other side of the coin, you'll never understand other people's troubles."

He paused at that, and he examined Kearns for a moment. "Still, still," he said, and then, for some reason, Chamberlain momentarily lapsed into a Southern accent: "Still, Tommy, y'all were blessed."

And nobody on the team, nobody anywhere ever summed it up quite so well.



A referee's call in the second overtime angered Chamberlain.

THE FRIENDS

Chamberlain took a corn beef on rye and half a cheesecake to go, as a postmeal snack. That is, not a half-piece of cheesecake, but half a cheesecake. Then he and Kearns went outside to their limousine, and the little white guy and the huge black man who had jumped center 25 years ago in as big a college game as there ever was, got in the back, and the driver closed the door.

You couldn't see them because of the tinted glass; at last, Wilt had found a pair of sunglasses capable of concealing him. But the two old players were in there together, and not that far, either, from the playgrounds and kitchens of Tommy Kearns's youth. The limo turned the corner, and it was warming to think that after all these years, after a quarter of a century, Chamberlain and Kearns were riding along together. It wasn't a simple matter of nostalgia. No, at least for a moment it restored some faith in the fool system, in the games.

And then the limousine passed out of sight, carrying with it 1957, and 1982 as well.

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Where did this appear? Travel & Leisure? National Geographic? Harpers? No, it's from E. M. Swift's article *A Team Unto Itself* in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, about the super Sutters—the seven-son family whose boys all play some awe-inspiring hockey! *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*—where our sports coverage is every bit as widespread and wonderful as the world of sport itself.

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REGGIE

Sir:

Congratulations to Ron Famine on an excellent article on Reggie Jackson (*For Both Love and Money*, March 15). If anyone deserves happiness, Jackson does. For the past couple of seasons "the straw that starts the drink" was in a no-win situation. George Steinbrenner apparently didn't like Reggie and was determined to win the battle. Sorry, George. You lost. Reggie and Gene Autry won this round, and I, for one, hope they win Round 2 in October.

MARK FRIESS
Easton, Kans.

Sir:

The article concerning Reggie Jackson's joining the California Angels is an interesting update on Angel owner Gene Autry's futile yet continuing efforts to buy a World Series championship by throwing large sums of money at fading superstars. Sad to say, the only champion Autry will ever be associated with is the one he used to ride in the West—his made four decades ago.

LANNY R. MIDDINGS
San Ramon, Calif.

Sir:

Does Reggie Jackson hold the record for appearing on the cover in different uniforms? We remember seeing him on your cover in the garb of the A's, Orioles and Yankees and were wondering if his appearance in a fourth uniform, that of the California Angels, makes this an SI first.

MICHAEL D'SHEA
JOHN BREDAK
Evanston, Ill.

• SI has never kept official track of such a record, but a review of past covers indicates that Jackson is the leader in this category. Billy Martin ranks second, having appeared, appropriately attired, as manager of the Twins, Rangers and Yankees. Martin also made the cover as a Yankee player.—ED.

Sir:

Reggie did it again! How about a list of the Top Ten, those who have made your cover the most often?

JOHN A. COCHRAN
Madison, N.J.

• The Top Five are Muhammad Ali (28 cover appearances), Jack Nicklaus (19), Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (16), Arnold Palmer (14) and Bill Walton (14). Behind them come Sonny Liston, with nine appearances, and Reggie Jackson, Mickey Mantle, Joe Namath, Floyd Patterson and Pete Rose, with eight apiece, making it a Top 11.—ED.

Sir:

How many more times is Reggie Jackson going to appear on your cover? Come on, enough is enough.

GARY DIETZ
Philadelphia

PETE DYE'S COURSE

Sir:

Pete Dye is a genius (*Target Golf Is the Aim*, March 15). I have been dreaming about the 17th hole at the Players Club for three straight nights!

HUGH P. SMITH
Salisbury, Mass.

Sir:

Pete Dye has the right idea. The game of golf should be brought back to where there is more emphasis on accuracy than on distance. As Barry McDermott said, Arnold Palmer could land his jet on most of the fairways the pros play on the Tour. It's fun to watch the players shoot 15 or 20 under par in a tournament, but the courses that produce such low numbers are really not a true test for a great golfer.

JEFFREY MULLIN
Needham, Mass.

Sir:

Only one word describes the Tournament Players Club course: contrived.

COOPER E. TAYLOR JR.
Atlanta

SPURRED ON

Sir:

Bruce Newman's article on the San Antonio Spurs (*Best Team You've Never Seen*, March 8) couldn't have been better timed. The evening after I read it, I watched Sidney Moncrief, SI's cover subject of a few weeks ago (Feb. 22), and the Milwaukee Bucks take on the Spurs. Those two excellent teams scrapped and fought for 63 minutes in the best game I've ever seen. In the stretch, the game turned into a shootout between George (Ike) Gervin and Brian Winters. After watching that historic matchup, won by the Spurs in triple overtime, I can hardly wait for the playoffs.

FRED TONEY
North Ford du Lac, Wis.

Sir:

On the night I read Bruce Newman's article on the Spurs, I had occasion to watch them play the Boston Celtics, who were without injured All-Stars Tiny Archibald and Larry Bird. Starting Celtic Guard Chris Ford was also hampered by injury and saw only six minutes of playing time.

A Spur blowout? Not quite. Although George Gervin put on a dazzling display

good for 48 points, the undermanned Celtics had five men in double figures and prevailed 110-101. The team concept, which is foreign to the Spurs yet so much a part of the Celtics' heritage, was very much in evidence that night.

Writer Newman may be a pizza aficionado (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, March 8), but he should be advised that the NBA's upper crust still resides in Boston.

LYNN BROWN
Swampscott, Mass.

Sir:

We were stunned to read Bruce Newman's suggestion that the Spurs' trainer is a better player than the Lakers' Kurt Rambis. We had just seen Rambis spend the first half of a Knick game creating numerous scoring opportunities for the Lakers with his unending hustle and desire. While not the most graceful or flashy of NBA players, Rambis treats Lakers fans to tenacious defense, aggressive rebounding and all-out effort.

MICHAEL WIRTZ
STANTON SHORT
Riverside, Calif.

REVERE'S HORSE

Sir:

In his article *He's a Cut Above the Rest* (March 15), William Leggett says, "The best horse to come out of New England was ridden by Paul Revere and nobody even remembers its name."

That, sadly, appears to be quite true. On the other hand, it can't be said that Revere's horse has never been remembered. Tribune was paid to Revere's horse in the great musical comedy of 1931-32, *Of Thee I Sing*, in which, during a "session" of the U.S. Senate, a Senator from Massachusetts got up to say that while Paul Revere had been justly honored for his famous ride, his horse—it was called "Jenny" in the book, but as far as anyone knows its real name was never recorded—had been overlooked.

Quick to agree, the presiding officer of the Senate ordered a moment of silent tribute to the departed horse from Massachusetts. The Senators then bowed their heads in respectful silence.

Man o'War never received a finer tribute than old what's her name.

LANDON MANNING
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to THE EDITOR, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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